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**THE SPIRIT YOU'VE
BEEN LOOKING FOR.**

RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

COVER: With the Ayatullah Khomeini in command, Iran takes on the world 22

As mobs in Tehran chant "Death to America!" and vow revenge for Iranian pilgrims killed in Mecca, the country's theocrats seem poised to unleash their fanatic followers on the U.S., France and Arab nations. But inside Iran there is an invisible side to the Islamic revolution: cynical, corrupt and disillusioned. How should the U.S. respond? See WORLD.



NATION: In America's inner cities, AIDS is exacting a steadily growing toll 12

With the rate of infection rising rapidly among black and Hispanic intravenous drug users, AIDS may become a predominantly minority disease. ► Reagan and Central American leaders present rival peace plans for Nicaragua. ► Jesse Jackson, once the angry outsider, is courting white voters with a new moderate image. ► L.A.'s rash of highway homicides continues.



EDUCATION: What do students know? Why don't they know what they used to? 56

The summer's best-selling surprises are by two heavyweight authors—Philosophy Professor Allan Bloom and English Professor E.D. Hirsch Jr. Though their books are not easy going, readers find the stinging critiques riveting. Hirsch claims that U.S. schools are turning out culturally illiterate students, while Bloom charges that colleges have failed altogether.



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World

Pakistan's nuclear activities strain U.S. relations. ► India enforces a fragile Sri Lankan peace. ► Panama's Noriega lashes back.

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Personal-computer makers enjoy happy days again. ► Congress keeps the shackles on bankers. ► High-tech golf clubs for duffers.

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Couture is in again, as the Paris fall collections use daring hemlines and theatrical getups to woo a younger, more glamorous clientele.

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Essay

Great Scott! Sherlock Holmes is 100! But the immortal sleuth and Dr. Watson are still very much in popular demand.

Cover:
Illustration by
Allen Hirsch

A Letter from the Publisher

FOR TIME correspondents, reporting some cover stories involves weeks, even months, of legwork, grueling sojourns to far-flung places and often tense encounters with figures in the news. So it was with this week's report on the Ayatullah Khomeini's revolutionary Iran and the mounting tensions in the Persian Gulf that Iran has precipitated. TIME's reporting team fanned out to the far corners of the Middle East and the major capitals of Europe and to Washington to talk with various government officials, diplomats and academic experts about the ominous confrontation between Iran and the U.S.—and indeed the world.

Since this spring, Cairo-Based Correspondent David S. Jackson has logged thousands of miles crisscrossing the gulf region from Saudi Arabia to Bahrain, Kuwait, Dubai and Abu Dhabi. His real preparation for this week's assignment, however, began nearly nine years ago, when he started covering Khomeini's fundamentalist Islamic revolution. That brought him eyeball to eyeball with the Ayatullah, whom Jackson interviewed in a Paris suburb in 1979. "Back then," recalls Jackson, "none of us expected Khomeini would still be as domineering, provocative and full of vitality as his revolution. The passions that I saw sweeping the country then have not diminished."

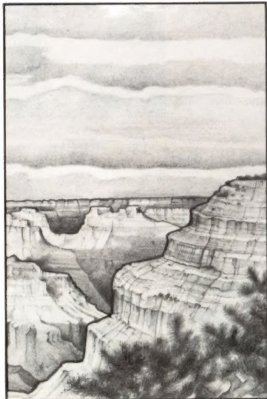


Correspondent David S. Jackson in Dubai

Information on Iran, to which Western journalists have limited access, had to be culled from disparate places. From Cairo, Reporter Scott MacLeod canvassed sources throughout the Middle East for an assessment of Iran. Jerusalem Bureau Chief Johanna McGeary and Reporter Ron Ben-Yishai got a vivid picture of internal politics in Tehran by interviewing Iranians in Israel. In Paris, Adam Zagorin talked to Iranian expatriates, while in London, Frank Melville spoke with defense sources and in New York City, Reporter-Researcher Sally B. Donnelly interviewed academic experts on Iran.

Reporting on the U.S. perspective in Washington were Correspondents Michael Duffy, a pool reporter on the cruiser U.S.S. *Fox* in the gulf only weeks before; David Aikman; Bruce van Voorst; and Barrett Seaman. Seaman traveled from TIME's bureau to the sweltering heat of the West Wing driveway to buttonhole congressional visitors, then to the air-conditioned White House back offices. "It was hardly as dangerous as the gulf," said Seaman, "but it did bring the threat of a good old-fashioned summer cold."

Robert L. Miller



ONE SPACE WAR WE'RE LOSING.

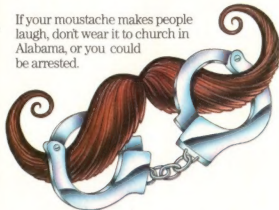
100 days a year, you can't see across the Grand Canyon. That's how bad the air pollution has become. If this information shocks you—if you'd like to help fight the mounting threats to our 337 national parks—write for membership information to:



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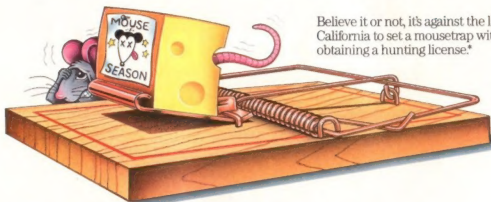
If your moustache makes people laugh, don't wear it to church in Alabama, or you could be arrested.



If you've got a pet bear, don't take him for a walk on a highway in Connecticut. You could be fined \$50.00.



Believe it or not, it's against the law in California to set a mousetrap without obtaining a hunting license.*



The Outdated Laws That Regulate Banking Aren't So Funny.

It wasn't very long ago that America was the undisputed world leader in almost everything. Then, we started losing our clout. Textiles, cars, steel, and electronics began moving abroad, costing American jobs.

Hardly anybody has noticed that the same thing is happening with banking.

If you look at the names of today's top ten world banks, only one still has a U.S. address. The Japanese now dominate that list.

For years, the world's leading financial centers were located in America. Because of archaic federal banking laws--some predating World War II--Tokyo, London and other overseas centers are now taking over. Already, foreign banks are making one-fifth of the loans to U.S. businesses.

The point is, America's banks are not asking to be protected from foreign competition. They are not asking Congress to save them from the fight. They are asking for a fighting chance. Unless America's banks are permitted to fully compete and meet their customers' needs, a lot more American jobs will be squarely on the line.

*Some of these insane laws may have been changed.



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Letters

Soviets Defrost

To the Editors:

If Soviet Leader Mikhail Gorbachev [WORLD, July 27] can make changes in the Soviet Union that will allow for some democracy, it is a sign that the West is winning the worldwide competition. Without the constant presence of the Western models, social values and human rights, this would not come about. We think the Soviets are too repressive, while they think we are too undisciplined. Perhaps, someday, out of the conflict a synthesis will be born.

Maria M. Géczy
New York City



Let us not ruin Gorbachev's efforts in the U.S.S.R. by telling him that it is nice he is becoming a capitalist. Allow the Communists to call themselves whatever they like. The U.S. ought to offer the Gorbachev administration all the help it needs in making the conversion from a totally centralized economy to a decentralized one. Instead of entering the next century toe to toe against the Soviets, we could wind up walking hand in hand.

Howard Caplan
Manhattan Beach, Calif.

I describe myself as a "hopeful skeptic" toward Gorbachev's revolution. I am one of approximately 15 Americans married or engaged to Soviet citizens who have been unable to reunite with our loved ones. Still, it remains my hope the Soviets will soon end our tragic separation to demonstrate that their words will be followed by positive deeds.

Elizabeth A. Condon
Divided Spouses Coalition
Lynn, Mass.

I will not trust Gorbachev until he releases the thousands of his countrymen who, because of their political beliefs, are locked away in prison camps and psychiatric hospitals; withdraws his 120,000-man Soviet army from Afghanistan, allowing that country the freedom to choose

its own government; and ships back to Cuba its troops fighting in countries around the world.

Hugh Maguire
Newton Highlands, Mass.

Who cares about Gorbachev? We are destroying ourselves by subverting the Constitution, which is more serious than anything Gorbachev is likely to do to us.

Jo-Anne Houldson
New York City

My grandmother used to say, "Well begun is half done." Gorbachev has begun. To fault the Soviet Union for the way it treats the people it rules or its "expansionist aims" negates this beginning. Change takes time. Not too long ago, blacks in the U.S. had to accept separate but "equal." Civil rights for them did not come overnight, and prejudice still remains. Give Gorbachev a chance to see what he can do with his openings.

Joy King
Lakeport, Calif.

Admiral's Story

If Admiral John Poindexter [NATION, July 27] withholds information from the President while carrying out multiple secret actions, one must ask the admiral, "What if another kind of person had been in the sensitive position you held? Someone who was not interested in doing what the President wanted and did not have the welfare of this nation as his prime objective but was willing to subvert and cripple it instead?" The admiral has set a fine precedent for just such a person.

Elizabeth C. Carty
Whitely City, Ky.

In the past, when people involved with government or armies were accused of criminal or immoral acts, many pleaded that they were acting under the orders of superiors and were not to blame. Poindexter, the admitted "buck stopper," has reversed the system. He says he intentionally refused to inform the President in order to avoid the risk of embarrassing him in case of exposure. The moral question: Where does the buck really stop?

Herbert Sandick
Pittsfield, Mass.

That the buck stops with Poindexter shows how weak the dollar has become and how little it buys—a two-bit Reagan foreign policy.

Steve Callaway
Lake Oswego, Ore.

We have been saddened by the Iran-contra hearings and the witnesses' seeming lack of trust in the American Government and its people. May we suggest that the U.S. service academies require remedial courses in high school civics.

Gordon and Dorothy Meiselbach
Ypsilanti, Mich.

The real victims in your story "Time Bombs on Legs" are the pit bulls [BEHAVIOR, July 27]. First they are abused in order to be made more aggressive, then they are seized and destroyed. Nothing stops the real criminals from starting over. We need laws that punish not the dogs but the people who maltreat them.

Mari Silveus
Bloomington, Ind.

Your article on pit bulls brought home the message that animals who attack with such ferocity should not be allowed on the streets. The main problem seems to be with the owners, not the animals. Anyone who has seen the resulting trauma of a pit-bull attack knows that this is not an ordinary dog bite. States should pass legislation that curtails possession of these animals and makes owners liable for damages inflicted by their "pets."

Deborah A. Capezuto
Piermont, N.Y.

As someone who raises and sells American pit bullterriers, I am extremely satisfied with my results: I have nice, obedient dogs that are not running around loose. Before we try to ban a beautiful breed of animal, why not change the current laws and make the punishment for breaking them more severe? Though I was chased by a stray Doberman and was lucky to escape, I oppose banning these dogs. But I want them off the streets and kept under control. Every animal, even a human, is capable of destruction; so getting rid of one breed will not solve our problem. After all the pit bulls are gone, someone will train another "tough" dog to take their place. We need to protect everyone, not just certain victims.

Julie Campbell
San Antonio

Democracy Ranked

In your article on events in South Korea [WORLD, June 29], you stated that U.S. Ambassador to South Korea James Lilley testified at his Senate confirmation that he regarded South Korea's security as more important than democratic reforms. Ambassador Lilley did not make the statement you attributed to him. To the contrary, he made clear that "democracy is right up there on top" of our effort in Korea. When he presented his credentials to President Chun on Nov. 26, 1986, he said, "Democracy and security are inextricably linked." On that occasion, Ambassador Lilley quoted President Reagan: "The development of democratic political institutions is the surest means to build the national consensus that is the foundation of true security."

John M. Reid
Counselor of Embassy for Public Affairs
American Embassy
Seoul

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Letters

AIDS and Art

Thank you for your moving and compassionate article "How Artists Respond to AIDS" (SHOW BUSINESS, July 27). For me the real tragedy is that this villain called AIDS is stealing our national treasures, and the American people are unaware of it.

Gary B. Rodrigue
Irvine, Calif.

One hears about AIDS, reads about it and talks about it, but the devastation it causes did not actually touch me until I read that Playwright-Actor-Director Charles Ludlam had died of the disease. I saw Ludlam in *The Mystery of Irma Vep*, and it was one of the best performances and one of the funniest pieces of theater I have ever seen.

Richard A. Blue
Warwick, R.I.

That liberal artists and bleeding hearts "rally" to AIDS "victims" should surprise no one. Why that should affect the rest of us has never been adequately explained. Even after the hysteria in the press, the fact remains that the vast majority of AIDS victims are homosexual men, bisexual men or intravenous drug users, many of the other victims are female partners of bisexual men. Those participating in unnatural sexual activities or illegal drug use do so willingly and knowingly, putting themselves at risk. Churches, which are supposed to be the guardians of morality, ought to be violently opposed to such unnatural practices.

Kenneth D. Costley Jr.
Belton, Texas

AIDS is a disease that strikes people and friends, not "homosexuals" and "drug users." Anyone who has died from AIDS has had an identity, friends, family and numerous talents that many people have benefited from. As important as finding a cure for the disease is finding a cure for people who are turning their backs on AIDS victims.

Suzy Post
Croton, N.Y.

For those of us who know more than just a few people with AIDS and AIDS-related complex, the poignant irony of this heinous disease has not been lost. Facing the physical, mental and emotional agonies of AIDS, these people become spiritual giants who give courage, enlightenment and, yes, even serenity to those fortunate enough to know them.

Rosina Rucci
Volunteer, Action AIDS
Philadelphia

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American Scene

In New York: Celebrating an Eternal Prom

It is the 67th anniversary of Roseland Dance City, the landmark ballroom on West 52nd Street in New York City, and you... are... there!

Blistering day. The air is brown. Your nose doesn't work (And why don't the TV weather people issue a nasal caution, times like this?). Dodge a kamikaze bicycle messenger and step under the marquee. On the left, in a glass display case—the Wall of Fame—are the shoes of the famous hoofers who have cut a rug here: Betty Grable. Ruby Keeler. Anthony Quinn. Eleanor Powell. George Raft (tiny feet). Gregory Hines (boats). The cashier is on the right. The tariff is eight bucks. The ticket taker says sure, he'll get the manager. Call him Mr. Adam, on account of his surname starting in Little Italy and ending in Greece (Giannopoulos).

Cool your heels—and case the joint while you're at it. A plaque on the left wall lists the names of the married couples who first met here. There have been 550 or so. They don't keep track of divorces. There's a bar on the right. You shoot your cuffs, walk over the way Bogart would, quiet and self-assured, order the usual, a salt-free seltzer water, slice of lime to give it a jolt.

Dame comes up at your elbow. Enough makeup to make Tammy Faye look like a Breck girl. Says in a voice like a mule eating briars, "Vodka and orange this time—I'm trying to save my liver." Fires up a Pall Mall. Says, "Who am I kidding? Forget the orange."

You lean back against the bar, drink in one hand, peanut in the other. Good view of the vast maple dance floor. Impressive crowd for three in the afternoon. Mostly old people. Here and there one partner looks so infirm it must be like dancing with a bedpost, but it doesn't seem to cramp the active one, who twirls like a top, shaking a mean leg in the bargain.

Here comes Mr. Adam across the carpet, the carpet a sea of roses the size of missile launching pads. He offers a firm paw, says, "These ballroom people, it's food for their souls. They get away from their apartments. They don't have to be cooped up. They get on the dance floor, and they fly. It's unbelievable. You see them on the street, they can't even walk. They get on the dance floor, and they fly. It's unbelievable."

You are struck by the time warp. Outside, the 20th century is petering out; in here, it's just getting warmed up. Enormous white tents suspended high over the dancers are lighted to blush pink. On the floor are some real hotshots. They samba, mambo, rumba, tango, fox-trot, lindy, peabody and what can only be called, in street language, *get down!* It's like an eternal prom.

Place holds 3,450 people, 2,000 on the dance floor, 1,450 in the end zones or on the sidelines at any given time. Says Mr. Adam: "No ballroom, even in Europe, can compete with Roseland. I don't think any ballroom in the whole globe can touch it. There is no competition in New York." On the bandstand the singer with the Don Glasser Orchestra announces, "And now, for Marge and Dominick, here is *Blue Bayou*."

Ten years ago, they made a movie here. Called it *Roseland*. The woman who wrote the movie, Ruth Praver Jhabvala, called Roseland the ballroom a "world far more bizarre than India." She said that "it lives for dancing, it lives by itself," and seeing it now, you agree. "These people who go to Roseland," the writer went on, "it's what they've always done, since they were very young. It's the greatest thing in their lives. They live for going to Roseland. They live for the atmosphere there, for the act of dancing."

Lady hit the nail right on the head, from what you can tell. You wander over

to a table where Rose Buono, a small ancient, is taking a break with her very good friend Joe Abahonie, who is of her generation. "Where else could you get a place like this?" Rose challenges. "I used to come here when it cost 65¢. I danced with George Raft, a terrific dancer. He wasn't so tall, but he was beautiful to dance with."

A passing taffeta dress says, "I danced 45 minutes straight, Rose," and Rose says, "That's nice, dear, good for your figure," and continues, "Forty years ago, I started. You couldn't get me off the floor. I was 16."

Abahonie swallows a chuckle behind his hand and says, "Rose's arithmetic needs work."

Out on the dance floor, they're announcing the married couples present who met and fell in love here. 31 couples in all. They've been invited for the anniversary, to dance and dine gratis. "Such memories," says Jessie Singer from Queens, who met her husband Edward at Roseland in 1935 (the other Roseland, at Broadway and 51st, before it moved round the corner here in 1956) and married him in 1937. "We've been coming every week for 55 years. Thursdays and Saturdays. We've had a lot of good times."

"Our first dance was a hustle, and the rest is history," says Jane DiFranco from Edgewater, N.J., who met Husband Jack in 1983, married him 15 months later.

"I'm American Cuban; he's Puerto Rican," says Clara Diaz, jerking a thumb at Luis (met: 1986; wed: 1987). "We danced, fell in love and got married. We live in Queens. He's a plumber. I'm a school teacher. We try to come every Thursday and absolutely every Sunday."

Listening, you say to yourself, romance doesn't get much more eloquent than Clara puts it, chump.

They roll out a cake for the dancing duos, who pucker up and blow out the candles before glissading into a waltz.

Gets you right in the old ticker, all right, and you think wistfully if they still had those dime-a-dance broads... but then, whoa! From over your shoulder you hear a guileful skirt who makes the blood run cold: "Ain't they sweet, Artie? They're even gonna get a free dinner or something. Now will you marry me?"

—By Gregory Jaymes



At a Roseland anniversary, shaking a leg keeps memories fresh

TIME/AUGUST 17, 1987

The Changing Face of AIDS

More and more victims are black or Hispanic

Late morning, Harlem Hospital. Doris White (not her real name), 32, pulls her thin robe across her narrow, bony chest and lights a cigarette. Her dark arms are riddled with small, round scars, the hieroglyphs of chronic heroin abuse. She is here for the seventh time in two years. In 1982 she brought her four-year-old son Rashan to this same hospital. The boy was listless, losing weight; he had white spots on his lips and tongue. The boy's father, a drug addict, had recently come out of prison and was not at all well himself.

For the next few years, Rashan fought a battle he did not understand. "Mostly, my mother took care of him," says Doris, crossing her skinny legs. "It was hard. I'd have to get high before I could go see him." Rashan died a year and a half ago of AIDS, about the same time Doris was diagnosed as having the disease and two months after the boy's father succumbed to the illness, known in the ghetto as "the AIDS." She squeezes her brimming eyes shut. "I will feel the guilt the rest of my life," she says. A month ago Doris' five-year-old daughter Jamille received the

deadly diagnosis. So far, only her 15-year-old daughter has been spared. Doris says the disease has changed her; she no longer shares needles. "It seems like every day someone else I got high with is sick," she says. But she still shoots up. "If I can get high," she explains, "I can push things to the back of my mind."

The face of AIDS in America is changing; it is getting younger, darker, more feminine. Stories like Doris White's are becoming common in inner-city ghettos: every day someone else who got high is getting sick. So are their lovers, and so are their children. Although nearly two-thirds of AIDS victims so far have been homosexual men, the rate of new infection among gays has declined. At the same time, the rate among blacks and Hispanics, particularly those who are intravenous drug users, is rising alarmingly. Medical experts warn that unless urgent actions are taken, AIDS may become a predominantly minority disease. That prospect is frightening not only to health officials but also to civil rights advocates, who fear a backlash of racism.

This past weekend the Centers for



A place to die: a 30-year-old former U.S. Navy sailor

Disease Control in Atlanta held its first national conference on AIDS and minorities. According to CDC statistics, although blacks and Hispanics constitute only 12% and 6% of the U.S. population, respectively, they currently account for a disproportionate 24% and 14% of the more than 39,200 reported AIDS cases in the U.S. For women with AIDS, the numbers are even more striking: some 52% of them are black and 20% Hispanic. Nearly 80% of all children with AIDS are either black or Hispanic.

In absolute numbers the problem of AIDS among minorities hardly compares with other enduring inner-city health-care problems such as hypertension, drug abuse and teenage pregnancy. But the future may tell a different tale. Testing of military-service applicants for exposure to the AIDS virus has revealed an incidence that is four times greater for blacks than for whites. If present trends continue, blacks and Hispanics might constitute as much as 40% of the predicted 54,000 AIDS deaths in 1991. Warns Dr. Wayne Greaves, chief of infectious diseases at Howard University Hospital: "Unless we can interrupt this pattern of transmission, this disease could potentially affect the size of the black population."

While the largest percentage of minority AIDS victims have been homosex-



Born into suffering: infected babies of drug-addicted mothers



of Ecuadorian extraction languishes at a Veterans Administration hospital

uals or bisexuals (40% for blacks, 49% for Hispanics), the growing infection rate among IV drug abusers threatens to alter those proportions. The National Institute on Drug Abuse (NIDA) estimates that 70% of the nation's 1.28 million IV addicts are black or Hispanic, and according to the CDC, about a third of AIDS cases among those minorities have been linked to drug abuse, in contrast to just 5% of cases among whites. The virus spreads easily in urban shooting galleries, where a contaminated needle may be passed among a dozen addicts. Some 70% of New York City's quarter-million IV addicts may already be infected. The skyrocketing incidence among IV drug abusers worries experts because of the difficulties of bringing information to this notoriously recalcitrant community. "Their lives are relatively disorganized," observes Surgeon General C. Everett Koop, "and they are not the best recipients of any educational programs." While the nation's homosexual communities, particularly in New York and San Francisco, have effectively mobilized to confront AIDS by lobbying for federal funds, creating group homes for AIDS sufferers and recruiting volunteers to staff hot lines, there is almost no support for AIDS sufferers who are addicts. A 34-year-old black homosexual in Manhattan says he was able to "plug into" gay

support groups "for emotional and physical help." But in Harlem, he laments, afflicted addicts "just wait for death, which often comes on the street because so many of them are homeless."

Organizations that traditionally offer aid and support to minorities, such as civil rights groups and the church, have been sluggish in acknowledging the epidemic. For them AIDS presents a disturbing di-

lemma: the disease threatens to increase racial discrimination and further distance blacks and Hispanics from full participation in mainstream society. "We don't want to get to the point," says Dr. Reed Tuckson, public health commissioner of Washington, "where people say to any black, 'You can't come into my restaurant, and you damned sure can't come into my swimming pool.'"

It was not until January of this year that the National Urban League addressed the problem in a report on AIDS and American blacks by Dr. Beny J. Primm, executive director of Brooklyn's Addiction Research and Treatment Corp. Primm is furious about the foot dragging and denial among blacks. "There is a complacency," he charges, "and perhaps a fear of being called a racist if they point the finger at their own. Better to be called racist now than conspiratorially genocidal five years from now."

For the church, so often a source of strength and shelter in the black and Hispanic communities, AIDS is a prickly subject. Both the black churches and the Roman Catholic Church have traditionally been bastions of conservative values on sexual and social matters, and the idea of preaching the use of condoms and clean needles is difficult for many clergymen. In the Hispanic community, moreover, where the cult of machismo still reigns, men regard even the discussion of condoms as a diminishment of manhood.

But some groups are gearing up for action. The Southern Christian Leadership Conference has held two national seminars on AIDS in the black community. Last week 40 clergy, under the auspices of the Congress of National Black Churches, met with federal public health officials to discuss what they could do to stem the spread of the disease. This fall both the Congressional Black Caucus and the N.A.A.C.P. will explore the issue at conferences.

Various efforts around the country are targeted on IV drug abusers, though most of them are small and poorly funded. In San Francisco, Vicente ("Chente") Madus, an ex-addict who now works for Mid-



Testing for infection: a doctor takes a blood sample from a New York City prostitute

city Consortium to Combat AIDS, ambles along the rough-and-tumble streets of the city's Mission District, his white plastic bag bursting with 1-oz. bottles of household bleach and packets of condoms. His message to IV addicts is blunt and simple: Don't share needles, but if you have to, clean the "works" twice with bleach, a procedure that reduces the risk of exposure to the virus. While the rate of new infection among the city's mostly white homosexual community has slowed to about 4%, the rate among San Francisco's estimated 18,000 IV addicts is 15%, up 50% since 1985.

In New York City, with the nation's largest IV addict population, Stephan Sorrell, a streetwise physician at St. Luke's-Roosevelt Hospital Center, calls for more radical interventions. "If we want to stem the tide of this epidemic," he says, "we have to open more methadone-treatment slots. I'd suggest that we go to Needle Park and give away methadone and syringes rather than letting the dealers sell heroin." Currently, there are only 30,000 methadone slots for the city's 200,000 or more IV addicts. Last week New York Governor Mario Cuomo announced that the state would be expanding the number of openings by 5,000.

Federal efforts to reach drug abusers are just beginning. This October NIDA will embark on a three-year pilot program in 15 cities aimed at reaching IV drug users, their sex partners and prostitutes. They will be urged to enter methadone-treatment programs, use condoms and get AIDS-virus testing and counseling. Some black leaders complain, however, that too much of the federal AIDS-education programs and funds is aimed at white, middle-class students, rather than at the young, inner-city IV addicts and their sexual partners, who are much more at risk. For the moment the Reagan Administration resists the notion that it should appropriate funds for programs designed specifically for minorities. "We are strongly opposed to earmarking funds in that way," says White House Domestic Policy Adviser Gary Bauer.

Among those working hardest to contain the spread of AIDS in the urban ghettos, there is often a sense of despair. Drug addicts are tough subjects for reform. "We need to stop the recruitment of young people into IV drug use in the first place," says Don Des Jarlais, of the New York State division of substance abuse services. Working with youths who are sniffing but not yet injecting heroin, Des Jarlais says, "We get them thinking about AIDS and what to do to prevent themselves from becoming exposed."

For Doris White the message is far too late, but she prays that her 15-year-old daughter will learn from her family's tragedy. "I try to point out everything about drugs as clearly and truthfully as I can," she says. "She understands. She says, 'Mom, why you mess with drugs? You got to be strong. You can't be weak.'"

By Richard Stengel.
Reported by Mary Cronin/New York and Steven Holmes/Washington



In the Oval Office: President Reagan, flanked by Contra Leaders Alfonso Robelo, Aristides Sanchez,

Not Just One Peace Plan For Nicaragua, but Two

Reagan and Central Americans unveil proposals

At a meeting in the White House Oval Office, Ronald Reagan and George Shultz sealed a surprising accord with House Speaker Jim Wright and other congressional leaders. Three days later, in a grand reception room at the National Palace in Guatemala City, five Central American Presidents, including Nicaragua's Daniel Ortega Saavedra, proclaimed they had reached their own "historic compromise." And so, after six years of undeclared war between the U.S.-backed *contras* and the Sandinista government of Nicaragua, the battle last week suddenly became one between two rival peace plans for the region.

The only group left out of the flurry was one that could be most dramatically affected. The political and military leaders of the *contras* happened to be in Washington to start the process of seeking a new round of U.S. aid, when they were blindsided by the peace talks. But the issue of *contra* aid, which will run out at the end of September unless renewed, was very much on everyone's mind. Indeed, the White House had launched its effort as a blend of diplomacy and political gamesmanship designed to influence Congress if the peace process falters.

Although Secretary of State Shultz proclaimed that the Reagan-Wright plan was "not a ploy," there was reason for

skepticism. The Administration has a history of announcing peace initiatives whenever *contra* funding is up for renewal. Late in 1984 a memo from John Poin-dexter, then Deputy National Security Adviser, to his boss, Robert McFarlane, set out a deceptive scheme: "Continue active negotiations but agree on no treaty and act to work out some way to support the *contras* either directly or indirectly. Withhold true objectives from staffs."

Nevertheless, Speaker Wright felt the time was ripe on all sides for a sincere diplomatic push: the Administration knew it could have trouble winning more *contra* aid; Congress was looking for ways to avoid a bruising clash; the rebels appeared to be making little headway on the battlefield; and the Sandinistas were experiencing severe economic problems and the prospect of waning Soviet support.

Wright, who has a mixed voting record on *contra* aid, was receptive when visited last month by the Administration's new lobbyist on the issue, Tom Loeffler, a former Texas Republican Congressman. The two Texas pals, longtime friends despite their partisan differences, produced a plan that in effect offered the Sandinistas a stark choice: join in serious negotiations now or face a possible new infusion of U.S. military aid to the *contras*.

The Pennsylvania Avenue shuttle di-



María Azucena, Pedro Joaquín, Adolfo Cesar and Adolfo Calero

plomacy was kept secret from the six directors of the *contra* leadership visiting Washington. By the time they discovered the plan, at the eleventh hour, they had no opportunity to help shape it. Privately, some grumbled that they had been sold out.

The plan calls for the Sandinistas and the *contras* to agree on an immediate cease-fire. The U.S. would then suspend all military aid to the rebels ("humanitarian" help would continue), and Nicaragua would end its imports of military supplies from the Soviet Union. Nicaragua would be obliged to lift its state of emergency, restore basic civil rights, and establish an independent electoral commission that would plan for open elections. In addition, all foreign military personnel would be withdrawn from Central America and U.S. maneuvers in Honduras suspended.

Before the plan could even be studied by the Nicaraguans, it ran into furious opposition in Washington from both the left and the right. Senator Edward Kennedy led liberal Democrats in assailing it as a "sham from beginning to end." The Democrats feared Wright had embraced a plan designed to be rejected by Managua, thus forcing Congress to approve the President's expected \$150 million request for new military funding. Conservatives complained that the plan was too attractive for Ortega. Asserting that support for the *contras* is on an upswing, Republican Congressman Jack Kemp charged that the Administration was "snatching defeat from the jaws of victory."

The pressure from Washington was hardly welcomed by the five Central American Presidents meeting in Guatemala, but it did spur them into putting the final touches on their own initiative. They had spent seven months on a broad regional proposal pushed by Costa Rican Presi-

dent Oscar Arias Sánchez. At the outset of last week's meeting, they agreed to ignore Reagan's surprise offering and focus on the Arias plan. Said Guatemalan President Vinicio Cerezo Arévalo: "The U.S. efforts are their efforts. The efforts of the Central Americans are our own."

Playing to both sides, Ortega said, "The Reagan plan makes sense and demonstrates the acceptability of dialogue with Nicaragua." The Sandinistas have previously agreed in principle to a pullout of foreign advisers and reduction of armed forces. But last week Ortega continued to dismiss any possibility that his government would sit down with *contra* leaders to work out a cease-fire: "We will talk to Reagan, the owner of the circus, not to the clowns." He made a cheery offer: "We are willing to go from here to Washington right after this meeting."

That was not what the U.S. had in

mind. "There is no way in which the United States would want to sit down with Nicaragua to decide what is right for Central America," declared Shultz. "That has to be done by all of the Central American countries." Bilateral talks between the two nations had been part of a draft of the Administration plan, but had been dropped from the final version.

While keeping the U.S. plan dangling, Ortega chose to go along with his neighbors. In agreeing to the Arias plan, he committed his government to join with the four others to work out a regional cease-fire within 90 days. The truce would involve not only the *contra* struggle in Nicaragua but also Communist insurgencies in El Salvador and Guatemala. If these various rebels lay down their guns, they will have to be permitted to join in elections and be accorded basic civil rights. Under this plan the U.S. would stop supporting the *contras* and the Sandinistas would reject further Soviet military aid and stop assisting Communist forces in El Salvador. But while the U.S. plan called for these bilateral changes to happen simultaneously, the Central American proposal left many details vague.

The fragile Arias agreement could easily come unglued. But having proposed similar steps, the Administration was in no position to complain about what was decided in Guatemala. Indeed, in a statement released last Saturday, the President said he welcomed the rival proposal. If his plan had been intended partly as a ploy to get more *contra* funding, it had backfired. As long as the Central American peace process continues, however hesitantly, Congress will almost certainly be unwilling to renew the military funding that will soon run out for Reagan's favorite freedom fighters. And the willingness of Honduras to go along with the plan means the *contra* forces could not operate from bases there. Yet the *contras* still had a trump they could play. Declared Adolfo Calero: "Any decision on a cease-fire would have to be either accepted or rejected by us."

—By Ed Magnusson, Reported by Laura López/Guatemala City and Barrett Seaman/Washington



Meanwhile in Guatemala: Presidents Ortega, Duarte, Cerezo, Azcona and Arias confer

Respect and Respectability

Jackson tones down his style



The only repeat runner among the Democratic candidates, Jesse Jackson is pushing hard to broaden his appeal beyond black America. This is one of a series of occasional profiles of major 1988 contenders.

Something positively weird is going on with the political career of the Rev. Jesse Jackson. The angry outsider, the superheated maverick who used to beat up on the Democratic Party just four years ago, no longer seems angry. His shrillness has almost vanished. Sometimes he is even in danger of being bland.

Instead of threatening to bolt the party, he embraces it. At a gathering of Democrats in Atlanta, Jackson declared that while the party has both a conservative and a progressive wing, it needs two wings to fly. Democrats let out a sigh of relief. During a debate among the presidential candidates, the preacher sounded so reasonable he was almost irrelevant. His supporters argue this is a more mature Jackson. But the skeptics wink at that. They say Jesse is singing white music to get white votes.

In a Manchester, N.H., motel room one afternoon last month, Jackson rested under the sheets of a king-size bed. There was something sultan-like about him as he sat propped up, arms folded across his chest, wearing a white undershirt. His voice was the tip-off to his great pleasure as he told of large white audiences that turned out to see him around the country. "There's a real phenomenon going on out there," Jackson said. Organizations that shunned him in 1984 now urge him to visit. The Montana state legislature gave him a standing ovation. He described how the faces of Iowa farmers and Louisiana energy workers changed from defeat to hope as he spoke to them. Suddenly Jackson began laughing, burying his face in the sheets. "A lot of them are real rednecks," he chuckled. They let Jackson know they didn't give a damn about civil rights. But they were thrilled at his cry about how their suffering should end. "No other candidate can bring groups like that together," he boasted.

Now Jackson climbed out of bed, pulled his dark pinstripe trousers up over his knee-high blue socks. He ran a wide comb through his hair. At 45 he has become puffy around the neck and middle. But his tall, erect frame and penetrating gaze are still imposing. His zeal for credibility includes wearing no jewelry or flashy clothes. "People want authenticity," he said. "I'm authentic."

Small wonder that Jackson has a somewhat enlarged view of

himself. Last month, while speaking to voters in a New Hampshire living room, he was called to the telephone. He returned to tell the group that the nation of Angola was holding a white American pilot and wanted to return him only to Jackson. The impressed voters fell silent. Like some giant gypsy moth, Jackson is drawn to crises, which offer him splendid opportunities for public exposure. Last fall when a race riot erupted at the University of Massachusetts at Amherst, he was asked to come help calm the campus. When the controversy over too few blacks in baseball management surfaced, Jackson quickly called Commissioner Peter Ueberroth and invited himself to address the owners. Ueberroth acquiesced.

Much of his early life was taken up in an endless quest for recognition. For years Jesse Jackson has been a man on a hunt for respect.

The son of an unwed teenager, Jesse learned early that his real father, Noah Robinson, lived right next door. This was in Greenville, S.C., and big Noah was a local hero, a handsome, hardworking man no one dared challenge. If pushed too far, Noah Robinson would flatten adversaries, even whites, with his fists. "He was a black Lone Ranger," recalls a half brother of Jesse's, Noah Robinson Jr. "Jesse loved our father, but he felt totally rejected." When he was nine, Jesse used to stand in the yard and gaze across at his father's house. If a face appeared in the window, the boy would turn and run away. When big Noah took his own

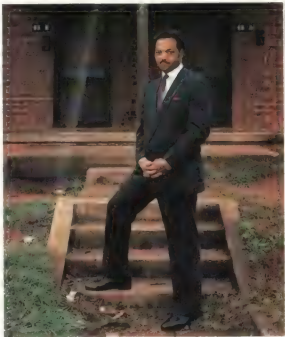
family on a trip, Jackson's biographer Barbara Reynolds has reported, Jesse grieved to go with him. In the neighborhood the young Jackson was taunted by other boys about having no father. At the Baptist church, moralistic parishioners made his mother feel like an outcast.

His sense of shame had a positive side. Jesse always tried harder, teachers and coaches recall. Remembers Jackson: "People don't laugh at you when you get A's." But always there was a feeling of being locked out. Today Jackson still thinks of Noah Robinson as a hero. Occasionally he drops in on him, and he calls him on Father's Day.

Jackson's need for respect still shows. He bristles at slights. At a recent fund raiser, a white contributor stood up to pledge a sum of money and lectured Jackson in hard language that he'd have to be more cooperative. Jackson swore back at him and told him to keep his money. Recalls Jackson: "He thought his cash gave him that right." Questions that call attention to his broad black support bring an

edge of anger to his voice. He points to another candidate. "Does Mike Dukakis worry only about Greeks?"

Jackson suffered another terrible emotional blow in 1968. At 26 he was a promising young member of Martin Luther King's civil rights team. Considered pushy by some, the young Jackson impressed and amused King, who particularly appreciated his ability to get business firms to cough up contributions. Even if Jesse did crowd into pictures with the leader. King tolerated it with a smile. When King was shot and killed on a motel balcony in Memphis, Jackson was standing below in a courtyard. Somehow he managed to end up with King's blood smeared over his shirt. Early the next morning, Jackson turned up 500 miles away on television in Chicago still wearing the bloodied shirt and implying he had held the dying King in his arms. His behavior horrified King's lieutenants, who viewed it as profound opportunism. Coretta King could barely conceal her disgust, and for years she would not even speak to Jackson.



Where the quest began: outside his boyhood home in South Carolina

PHOTOGRAPH BY [illegible]

Ever since, Jackson has tried in vain to win back the approval of his old associates in the movement, by then his extended family. It was another massive rejection. His half brother Noah says of the Memphis incident, "Now Jesse was zero for two. He's still begging for their acceptance." Only a few months ago, Coretta King turned down a request for support, as did Atlanta Mayor Andrew Young, who was one of King's aides. The Atlanta team still distrusts Jackson, though they are unwilling to criticize him publicly. Says one of Jesse's colleagues who knows the story of the assassination: "They have no idea how much it haunts him. It's a drop of poison in his glass." Jackson shrugs off the animosity and explains it away with a religious reference. "Everybody wanted a piece of the cloth," he says.

Over the years, Jackson's motives have been difficult to fathom. He works out his anxieties alone. He is a masterly manipulator and loves to turn people on and off. One minute he melts listeners with his charm, the next he withdraws. He describes himself as bicultural. He grew up on the black side of the tracks, but worked across town for whites. His language can change rapidly from moralizing preacher to street hustler. He lets no one too close. Most white political leaders have little confidence in his word. No matter what the brooding preacher promises, no one is ever certain that he will deliver.

Jackson has his own quick method of detecting motives in others. "I can look into a person's eyes," he says, almost preening, "and tell what he's really up to." His jousting manner intimidates people, and Jackson swiftly spots the signs. In 1984, by Campaign Walter Mondale's wandering eyes and hurried speech, Jackson knew that Mondale was afraid of him.

Jackson's message may be less immediately threatening this time, but the candidate himself is much the same. Still hopelessly disorganized, he drives himself to exhaustion seven days a week. Jackson gets constant reinforcement. Crowds swiftly collect around him. He is treated like a monarch. A snap of the finger brings him a newspaper. A nod of the head brings a glass of lemonade. Oblivious of the hour, he rouses people with phone calls from 6 in the morning to long after midnight. Often he holds planes until the last minute before he arrives to take his first-class seat. He neither drinks nor smokes and customarily requests nearby passengers to put out their cigarettes. He takes pleasure in mimicking aides. When one of them recently kidded about wanting a salary increase, the needing Jackson pretended he had heard the word celery and promised more carrots and greens.

He is prickly about his family's privacy—he got hundreds of death threats in 1984—as is his wife Jackie, 43. A strong and opinionated woman and mother of their five children, she challenged reporters, during the recent upset over candidates' privacy, to leave her husband alone. "If my husband has committed adultery," she said, "you better not tell me, and you better not go digging into it. I'm trying to raise a family and won't let you destroy it."

Jackson is in a better position than in 1984, when he received nearly 20% of the Democratic primary vote but only 10% of the delegates. Under today's revised rules, the same vote will earn him far more delegates. They will be



The day before the shooting: King with Jackson

man. But black leaders dislike the idea of a single broker, especially the unaccountable Jackson. His dominating presence over the years and his presidential bids have helped squelch the emergence of other black figures. Still, black politicians are reluctant to oppose Jackson publicly. "Jesse's getting a private spanking," says Tyrone Brooks, a Georgia legislator who ran Jackson's state campaign in 1984. He openly urges Jackson not to run. "It's a terrible mistake."

Now the peripatetic candidate sat in an airliner headed for Baton Rouge, La. He wore a red-striped shirt with white collar, and kept popping tiny Tootsie Rolls into his mouth. Jackson was due to deliver a Sunday sermon at the local Mount Zion First Baptist Church. In 20 years, he recalled proudly, he had not once failed to fill a church to overflowing. Jackson believes his 1984 campaign lifted blacks and other minorities toward more power. "There are more blacks trying for office today, sheriffs, legislators, tax assessors," he pointed out.

These days he pounds away at American business. Corporate behavior must change, declares Jackson. "They're getting slave labor abroad," he says, "at the expense of jobs here." He urges federal penalties and incentives to force corporations to stop. Audiences like the argument. So effective is Jackson with America's workers that organized labor, long hostile to Jackson, is beside itself. His bravado raises a tough question: How much does Jackson really know? He has no ready information supply, but rather sucks up ideas and facts as he goes along. Jackson's grasp of voters' emotions is uncanny and exceeds that of any of the other candidates. Highly intelligent, bold and innovative, he understands issues that cut. In the end Jackson relies on his own long and remarkable experience.

Looking at him, one has to wonder why Jackson is thinking of running at all. His presidential quest seems doomed, he has never been elected to any office, and most of his party wishes he would go away. Any Democratic nominee is sure to keep him at a safe distance, and will not want him as a running mate. Even Jackson's new success with white voters is probably transitory. Many of them have said they applaud his words, though they could never vote for him.

But Jackson seems to feel that he has no choice except to run. Being the nation's pre-eminent black activist is not enough. Nor would it be enough merely to focus his energies on the causes he cares most deeply about and fight for them as a powerful leader. No matter how much respect he would get from that, it would not equal the respect he craves.

—By Robert Jenkinson



Singing white music: In Iowa, Jackson readies a cow for milking. Being the nation's pre-eminent black activist is not enough.

Nation



State patrolmen assist the owner of a car that was bashed on the San Diego Freeway

Highway to Homicide

California's road wars go on and, in one case, go airborne

Driving the clogged roadways around Los Angeles has always been nerve-racking and deadly dull. But for the past two months it has been simply deadly. Since June 18 three people have been killed, seven injured and ten arrested, as more than 40 shootings, assorted rock throwings and other violent incidents have turned the Southern California highways into a terror zone. Last week alone brought 19 reported episodes of gunfire, five arrests and an all but surreal suggestion that the crackpot violence had spread to the skies.

In the most bizarre episode to date, the pilot of a small airplane who was spotting fish some 30 miles off the coast of Newport Beach reported that a rival fish-spotting pilot, just yards away, had drawn a gun on him, though no shots were fired.

It was not the only example of the violence reaching into new territory. Highway officials in Arizona, Washington, Utah and Northern California reported armed confrontations last week, with one woman wounded near San Francisco.

As terror spread among California commuters, officials were desperately casting about for a way to restore peace. California Assemblyman Paul Zeitner announced he would introduce legislation requiring a minimum three-year prison sentence and permanent revocation of the driver's license of any person caught shooting from a car. The Los Angeles County board of supervisors offered a \$25,000 reward for information leading to the conviction of roadway gunmen. Los Angeles City Attorney James Hahn vowed to jail all gun-toting motorists. Said

Hahn: "People are going to start learning that this isn't the wild West anymore."

For the moment, though, "high noon" seems to be at hand anytime, anywhere. Trucker Carl Russell Miller, 27, of Long Beach, had merely stopped his six-wheeler to stretch at about 3 a.m. when a motorist shot out his windshield, flying glass cut Miller's face. Stephen Broderson, 19, said he had made "your normal, everyday lane change" on the San Diego Freeway, when the occupants of a Datsun King Cab pickup tried to force him off the road and fired two rifle bullets into the side of his car. According to police, Edward Petterez, 21, of South Gate, simply honked at a passenger van when it cut in front of him. Result: two shots that fortunately missed.

No one has offered any clear diagnosis of the highway madness. One factor is said to be the stresses of bumper-to-bumper competition, aggravated by the easy availability of guns. There is also the copycat syndrome. "Even the most mild-mannered among us has fantasies of blowing away the guy who cuts in front of him," observes Dr. Martin Brenner, an Orange County stress specialist. His advice: "Just be a wimp behind the wheel."

Many individuals seem to have adopted that policy. One motorist was seen sporting a window sign that said DON'T SHOOT!!! I'M SORRY. An Orange County firm is marketing a reversible car sign that offers an angry warning on one side and a PLEASE DON'T SHOOT plea on the other. The Budget-Rent-A-Car agency in western Los Angeles reports a 300% increase in requests for bullet-resistant cars.

A perverse fringe benefit of the violence has been a widely observed improvement in highway manners. Says California Highway Patrol Sergeant Mark Lunn: "Most people are very attentive now and very, very polite."

—By Frank Trippett
Reported by Dan Goodgame and Nancy Seultert/
Los Angeles

Coming Attractions

Even before Instant Celebrities Donna Rice and Oliver North faded from the nation's television screens, network executives were already thinking about bringing them back. After all, it had been clear from the start that their stories are the stuff TV movies are made of.

ABC disclosed last week that it had cut a deal with the Miami model-actress for a movie based on her life, to air next spring. For a sum rumored to exceed \$100,000, Rice agreed to tell all, including what, if any, monkey business transpired between her and former Presidential



Originals and possible portrayals: Rice, Ladd, North, Williams

Candidate Gary Hart on that fateful weekend in Bimini.

CBS may cash in on Olliemania with a two-hour movie to be based on an instant biography being churned out by Boston *Globe* Reporter Ben Bradlee Jr. The deal is only in the exploratory stage, but Hollywood gossip mills already tab Treat Williams as a natural for the part of the hound-dogged Marine. Some would-be casting agents, however, favor Mel Gibson or Harrison Ford. And who better to portray the

portly former National Security Adviser John Poindexter than Edward Asner? On the basis of hairstyle alone, Farrah Fawcett is a shoo-in for the part of Ollie's secretary, Fawn Hall. Unless, of course, she beats out Rice Look-Alike Cheryl Ladd for the lead in Donna's story.



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Double-ridge waveguide: it was always taken as gospel that miniaturizing a detector would hurt performance. Passport proved this wrong. The miniaturized horn antenna feeds into a double-ridge waveguide. Dual compound chokes are required, and the notch filters are press fit to exact depth. The design process was incredibly complex. But the payoff is indisputable. Passport's performance is uncompromised by its discreet size.

Rashid rejection: In another engineering first, our detectors have been made immune to K-band signals transmitted by the Rashid VRSS collision warning system. Other detectors produce false alarms in the presence of Rashid. Our AFR™ (Alternating Frequency Rejection) circuitry isolates and neutralizes Rashid signals, yet leaves the radar detection capability undiminished for your protection.

X-K differentiation: Passport has separate warning tones to distinguish X-band from K-band. The difference is important. Traffic radar is just one of many transmitters assigned to X-band by the FCC. Motion detectors, burglar alarms and microwave door openers also share this frequency. When you hear the X-band warning, you respond accordingly.

But just two transmitters operate on K-band—radar and Rashid. K-band radar's short effective range requires immediate response. Since our AFR circuitry rejects Rashid, Passport's K-band warning is positively radar, and you always know how to respond.

Variable-rate warning: On radar contact, Passport's bar graph of eight Hewlett-Packard LEDs indicates radar strength, and you



will hear the audible warning—pulsing slowly at first, quicker as you approach, then constant as you near effective radar range. Our engineers have preprogrammed the warning system to tell you everything you need to know about radar. Passport asks no further programming of you, unlike many lesser detectors.

SMD circuitry: Passport's miniaturization was made complete by the use of SMD's (Surface Mounted Devices), micro-electronics common in satellites but long considered too exotic for radar detectors. SMD circuit boards also provide ruggedness unobtainable with conventional technology.

Compact dimensions: Passport was designed to be the most discreet detector ever—only 0.75" H x 2.75" W x 4.50" L. On guard, it never draws attention to itself.

Die-cast aluminum housing: The antenna is integrated into Passport's die-cast SAE 308 aluminum housing. This way no amount of abuse can ever shake the antenna

loose, and Passport's precision electronics are protected by a rugged metal vault for durability under extreme conditions.

Nextel finish: The alloy housing is finished in charcoal Nextel—a light-absorbing coating—to eliminate all possibility of reflection and glare.

Twin speakers: A fully adjustable volume control allows you to set the loudness of the audible warning from twin speakers. The warning tone is 3024 Hz, identical to that used for Morse code, for maximum clarity yet minimum annoyance.

All accessories included: Passport comes complete with everything needed for installation in any car, including coiled cord, straight cord, windshield mount bracket, visor mount bracket, hook-and-loop fastener, lighter adapter, direct-wire power adapter, and comprehensive owners manual. A leather travel case is also included.

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2. You will receive an entry postcard in the Allied Home Free Sweepstakes when you call a participating Allied agent to have an estimate prepared for you. You may also receive a free official entry form by writing to: The Allied Home Free Sweepstakes, P.O. Box 23484, Milwaukee, WI 53223. A stamped, self-addressed envelope must accompany your request. (Washington or Vermont residents may omit return postage.) All entries must be postmarked by September 18, 1987 and received by October 2, 1987. Sweepstakes drawing will be held by October 31, 1987.

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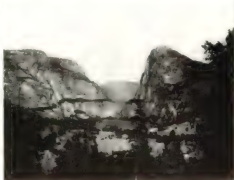
American Notes



Memorials: the annual mouthwash



Supreme Court: embattled Bork



Environment: a damless Hetch Hetchy valley, circa 1910

MEMORIALS

Old Abe Gets The Brush

Just after midnight on a hot, moonlit summer Tuesday, a National Park Service crew assembled. scrub brushes in hand. Its mission: to clean a year's worth of grime off the distinctive features of the 16th U.S. President. Once a year the 19-ft.-high statue of Abraham Lincoln at the heart of the Grecian-style memorial in Washington gets a thorough rubdown with special soap and natural-bristle brushes. Though Mr. Lincoln's baths are infrequent, their cost and duration are impressive. The twelve-hour cleaning set taxpayers back some \$1,400.

POLITICS

Reagan Takes The Pledge

In the wake of the Iran-*contra* fiasco, the President moved last week to head off congressional efforts to restrict his power to conduct covert activities. In a formal announcement made in the Oval Office on Friday, Reagan promised that he would notify Congress of such initiatives within 48 hours, barring the "most exceptional circumstances."

The President unveiled a six-point agreement laboriously negotiated between Na-

tional Security Adviser Frank Carlucci and the Senate Intelligence Committee. Key provisions: that all orders for covert operations be written and made available to National Security Council members, including the Secretaries of State and Defense; that Congress be told of all private individuals assisting in such activities; that all covert actions be subject to annual review. The House Intelligence unit is working on a similar agreement. But Oklahoma Democrat David Boren, chairman of the Senate committee, conceded that the new accord was not an "absolute, airtight insurance policy" against Iran-*contra*-style capers.

SUPREME COURT

Bracing for a Bork Blitz

"A Supreme Court Justice is not supposed to be a White House 'team player,'" asserts an ad appearing in four major U.S. newspapers beginning last week. The full-page message cost People for the American Way, a liberal activist group, some \$135,000. But that is small change in the all-out lobbying war over the Supreme Court nomination of Appeals Court Judge Robert Bork. Anticipating this fall's Senate confirmation vote, hundreds of liberal and conservative interest groups are expected to spend more than \$20 million in multimedia ad campaigns and

direct contact by mail and phone. Their main target: the 20-odd Senators who have yet to make up their minds.

CRIME

Pint-Size Heist

It was shortly before noon when the gang of thieves struck. By ripping a screen and prying open a ground-floor window, they entered the Lily Furgerson Child Development Center in Waterloo, Iowa, and swiftly made off with \$350 worth of goods. But the weekend burglary had a twist. The robbers were three small children ages 4, 5 and 7. The loot: three fancy tricycles.

The pint-size pilferers somehow managed to hoist the heavy steel strikes out the window before joyriding four blocks to a nearby youth club. A neighbor saw them break into the club and called police, who nabbed the two preschoolers. The savvy ringleader escaped through a second-floor window of the youth club, only to be found later cowering under a bed at the day-care center. The child, whose name was withheld, was charged last week with two counts of second-degree burglary, which police expect to drop. His two accomplices, however, were released to the kind of sentencing only red-faced parents can hand down.

ENVIRONMENT

Resurrecting A Valley

"Dam Hetch Hetchy! As well dam for water tanks the people's cathedrals and churches, for no holier temple has ever been consecrated by the heart of man." So wrote Naturalist John Muir almost 75 years ago in a vain effort to keep the U.S. Government from flooding Northern California's magnificent Hetch Hetchy valley, a Yosemite look-alike, to provide San Francisco with power and water.

Last week Interior Secretary Donald Hodel proposed a reversal of that decision. If the reservoir could be drained and the valley restored to its original condition, mused Hodel in a staff memo, "what a tremendous payoff for America."

Conservationists are wary of the idea and accuse Hodel of using the scheme as a smoke screen to divert attention from such controversial measures as oil drilling in the Arctic National Wildlife Refuge. Others say he is actually looking for a way to get Washington to pay about \$1 billion to complete the half-finished Auburn Dam nearby. But no one is more opposed than Mayor Dianne Feinstein of San Francisco, which still depends on the reservoir. Snapped Feinstein: "It's the worst idea since selling arms to Iran."

COVER STORIES

At War on All Fronts

Once again, a frenzied Iran lashes out with fury and fanatic zeal



They jammed Revolution Avenue in the heart of Tehran last week, a million Iranians raising their fists and shouting as if with one voice, "Revenge! Revenge! Revenge!" The clutches of women dressed in black chadors, the phalanxes of men bearing placards that said DOWN WITH U.S.: the angry scene had been played out before. This time, however, the crowd seemed reinvigorated, its fury fresh and lethal. "Death to America!" they chanted in the near 100° heat. Their rage rose higher still as Hashemi Rafsanjani, the speaker of Iran's parliament, called upon Allah to "avenge the blood" of nearly 300 Iranian pilgrims who had been killed a week earlier in Mecca, Islam's holiest city. Rafsanjani also uttered a demand that sent a tremor through the Arab world and beyond: the rulers of Saudi Arabia, the keepers of Mecca, must be "uprooted."

Then came the hypnotic voice of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, 87, still the country's supreme leader. Speaking in fierce whispers over nationwide radio, Khomeini first lashed out at the "inept and spineless" Saudi Arabian royal family. But he placed the blame for the bloody deaths in Mecca squarely on the U.S., still the "Great Satan" in the eyes of the fevered Iranian nation, and vowed vengeance. Promised Khomeini: "God willing, at the opportune time we shall deal with her."

That confrontation suddenly seemed at hand last week—for America and for the world. Since he took power in 1979, the Ayatollah has threatened to spread his uncompromising brand of Islamic fundamentalism across the fragile, oil-rich states that line the Persian Gulf and to upset the global balance of power. He has sought his goals openly in Iran's seven-year war with Iraq, and he has promoted them stealthily through terrorist bombings and kidnappings abroad. Now

Khomeini's brooding presence loomed larger than ever as he seemed ready, even eager, to take on a host of nations.

Angered by Washington's decision to reflag and escort Kuwaiti tankers through the gulf, Iran announced with great fanfare that it would stage four days of war games in the Strait of Hormuz, the entryway to the gulf. In case there was any doubt about the intent of the maneuvers, they were code-named "Martyrdom." One of the reflagged ships, the fully loaded *Gas Prince*, slipped quietly out of harm's way and toward its destination in Japan before the exercises began. But the supertanker *Bridgeton*, damaged last month by a mine that may have been planted by the Iranians, remained in Kuwait. Meanwhile, Washington found itself in the humiliating position of pleading with its European allies to send minesweepers to the gulf, a request that all spurned. At week's end the U.S. was rushing eight Sea Stallion minesweeping helicopters to the region, while three more Kuwaiti tankers moved into the gulf escorted by American warships.

Khomeini's anti-American fervor echoed those 444 days in 1979-81 when Iran held 52 Americans captive in the U.S. embassy in Tehran. "The American presence in the gulf has turned back the clock to the years of the hostage crisis," said an Iranian journalist. "That is the atmosphere now." But a major factor in the new frenzy was the congressional hearings on the U.S. arms-for-hostages deal with Iran, which Iranians followed closely by newspaper and radio. The public revelations of those dealings last November and the fresh airing given the scandal on Capitol Hill over the past three months revealed Khomeini's willingness to traffic with the Great Satan and thus deeply embarrassed Tehran. In order to restore its

Sending a tremor around the world: volunteer fighters show their support for the republic







Prelude to violence: Iranian pilgrims, carrying posters of their Shi'ite leaders, parade through the streets of Mecca on July 31

credibility. Khomeini's regime apparently felt it imperative to demonstrate anew its hatred of America. "It all was like waving a red flag in front of Iran," says Gary Sick, a former Carter Administration official and expert on Iran. "They had to respond, to redeem themselves both domestically and internationally."

But the U.S. is only one target of Khomeini's wrath. Iran has been locked in a face-off with France since the two nations broke off relations last month. The French aircraft carrier *Clemenceau* last week steamed to the gulf as Iranian police continued to hold 15 French citizens hostage in the French embassy in Tehran. Tensions remained high between Iran and Britain over earlier incidents involving their diplomats. After the Mecca tragedy, gangs ransacked the Kuwaiti and Saudi Arabian embassies in the Iranian capital and took four Saudis prisoner.

Amid the rage, however, Tehran was still capable of making shrewd diplomatic maneuvers. In one such move that promised to heighten superpower tensions in the region, Iran and the Soviet Union last week began to negotiate plans to reopen oil pipelines and build a second rail link from Iran to Soviet Central Asia. While the Soviets and the U.S. are officially neutral in the Iran-Iraq war, the superpowers appeared to be moving into opposite corners: Washington seemed to tie itself to Baghdad by aiding its ally Kuwait, while Moscow warned to Tehran.

The Soviet pact spotlighted Iran's strategic importance. One of the world's leading oil producers, Iran (pop. 50 million) has more people than all the other

gulf states combined and geographically dominates the richest petroleum-producing region on earth. The country is a vast land bridge between the gulf and the Soviets on the north, the Turks on the west, and the Asian nations of Afghanistan and Pakistan on the east. Washington rightfully views any increase in Soviet influence in Iran as worrisome indeed.

But it is the gulf states that fear their brawling neighbor the most. As the world's only Shi'ite-ruled Muslim country, Iran seeks to export its brand of Islamic revolution throughout the region and to overthrow the Sunni-ruled Muslim regimes in countries like Kuwait and Saudi Arabia. The two religious factions have been fierce rivals for centuries. Painfully vulnerable to Iranian subversion, the Sunni gulf nations have been understandably reluctant to alienate Tehran.

Since Khomeini came to power in 1979, tensions have been especially high during the hajj, the pilgrimage to Mecca that annually attracts more than 2 million Muslims from some 130 countries. Khomeini viewed the sacred occasion as the ideal time to deliver his revolutionary message, but the Saudis blocked that goal by banning demonstrations and limiting the number of Iranians allowed into the country. Last year Saudi police discovered more than 110 lbs. of explosives hidden in the luggage of 500 Iranian pilgrims.

Two weeks ago, however, the Saudis were not as lucky. According to accounts pieced together last week, the trouble began on Friday, only minutes after the end

of midday prayer services. In 115° heat, a white-robed sea of penitents swarmed around the Sacred Mosque, where the devout come to touch the Black Stone, a meteorite inside the shrine that millions of pilgrims have worn smooth over the centuries in the belief that it will absolve them of sin. Suddenly the worshippers' hymns and shouts of *Allahu-Akbar!* (God is great) were drowned out. Crying "Death to America! Death to the Soviet Union! Death to Israel!" ragged lines of Iranian demonstrators began weaving through the crowds. Many carried posters of Khomeini that they waved over the heads of the faithful. Their alleged aim: to seize the Sacred Mosque and proclaim Khomeini leader of all Islam.

Police rushed in as the pilgrims and intruders began to clash. Waves of Iranians charged the officers, hurling rocks and other objects. Some agitators brandished clubs and knives. Others set fire to nearby cars and motorcycles. Terrified bystanders dashed for cover, their white robes frantically flapping. By the time police regained control, 402 people, including at least 275 Iranians, lay dead or dying and an additional 649 had been injured.

Tehran quickly claimed that the Saudis had machine-gunned the victims in cold blood. Riyadh replied that the Iranians had charged police and were trampled to death in the melee. The Saudis buttressed their story with videotape clips that showed an Iranian rampage. Ali Hassan Ash-Shaer, Saudi Arabia's Information Minister, insisted that "not a single bullet was fired" by Saudi forces.

On Saturday, Tehran awoke to a terse



Iranian speedboats race across the gulf in a military exercise chillingly named "Martyrdom"

7 a.m. newscast that reported that "scores of Iranian pilgrims have been shot dead by the Saudi police." By 8 a.m., a crowd of 600 had gathered outside the Saudi embassy. After briefly being restrained by armed police, the growing mob burst into the two-story villa, smashing windows and destroying embassy documents. Last week thousands of mourners walked through Tehran alongside coffins containing bodies brought back from Saudi Arabia. Chants of "Death to America!" and "Death to the fascist Saudi police!" filled the air.

For the conservative Saudi rulers, the bloodshed at Mecca was appalling and terrifying. Iran's revolutionary zeal had penetrated the borders of one of the most cautious and security-conscious countries in the world. "We are determined to defend our land and our holy places by all means," declared King Fahd. Arab leaders from Bahrain to Morocco rallied behind Riyadh and condemned the rioters.

Four days after the Mecca riots, Iran reported launching its "Martyrdom" maneuvers in the gulf. According to Tehran radio, frogmen, pilotless aircraft and explosive-laden vessels staged mock attacks. Iranian television showed "suicide" speedboats skimming the waters, apparently practicing for the day when they would be called upon to crash into enemy warships. The Iranians even claimed to have launched their first submarine.

Iran's noisy saber rattling is only the latest lurch in its erratic foreign policy. Though Khomeini has often declared his hatred for the West, Iran's dealings with other countries are determined as much

by its domestic politics as by ideology. After several years of insisting that Iran's only goal was to spread its brand of Islam across the globe, Khomeini began in late 1984 to soften his rhetoric in order to rebuild ties with other countries. The move reflected the fact that Iran desperately needed help: four years of war with Iraq had devastated the economy, and Khomeini's implacable hostility toward the outside world had turned his nation into

an international pariah. In short order, Iran signed a trade pact with China, opened negotiations with France to resolve a \$1 billion dispute, and entered fence-mending agreements with the Arab world that included a limit on the number of Iranian pilgrims who would make the yearly trek to Mecca.

Beneath Iran's public diplomacy, however, its politics was seething, its national leadership split. On one side were the relative pragmatists like Rafsanjani, who favored accommodation abroad. On the other were the hard-liners such as the Ayatollah Hussein Ali Montazeri, Khomeini's designated successor, and Mehdi Hashemi, a key Montazeri aide, who shunned contact with the West. Rafsanjani acknowledged the split in a 1986 speech, in which he declared that "two relatively powerful factions in our country" disagreed on virtually every policy and "may in fact be regarded as two parties without names." Khomeini presided over this division like a fond father, encouraging first one side and then the other.

The split became a chasm after Iran decided in late 1985 to buy arms from the U.S. The decision did not reflect a fundamental shift in policy; the arrangement only illustrated Tehran's fanatical desire to defeat Iraq, no matter who supplied the weapons. In addition, Washington's eagerness to swap TOW missiles for hostages was interpreted by many in Iran as proof that terrorism paid off. Nonetheless, the deal infuriated extreme hard-liners like Hashemi. There was little they could do about it since the Ayatollah had approved the negotiations. When former National Security Adviser Robert McFarlane undertook his now famous mission to Tehran in May 1986, supporters of Hashemi tried to have him kidnapped, but Rafsanjani's followers intervened.



A wounded pilgrim and the coffins of his dead comrades return to Tehran from Mecca. After the tragedy, a demand that the Saudi Arabian dynasty be "uprooted."

World

That trip might still remain secret today if Hashemi and dozens of his associates had not been arrested in Tehran last October on murder and other charges. Several days later friends of Hashemi leaked details of the McFarlane visit to the Lebanese weekly magazine *Ash-Shiraa*. The sensational account made worldwide headlines and sent the pragmatists scurrying for cover.

Though Khomeini has forbidden public criticism of the arms deal, the explosive revelations have forced all factions in Tehran to talk and act tough. "To be perceived as nonrevolutionary in Iran is the kiss of death," says Iranian expert Gary Sick. Almost overnight the softening face that Iran presented to the world reverted to a furious scowl. Khomeini reportedly was in his blackest mood in years as the annual Mecca pilgrimage neared. "Break the teeth of

the Americans," he told the 150,000 Iranians who set out on the trip.

The war with Iraq continues to dominate Iranian policy at home and abroad. Since Baghdad started the conflict by invading Iran in September 1980, some 300,000 Iranians and 200,000 Iraqis have lost their lives in the fighting. Tehran's hopes for victory soared in January, when its troops pushed within a few miles of Basra, Iraq's second largest city. In the past few months, however, Iran has made little headway in its drive to crush Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. Indeed, the Iraqis have succeeded in reclaiming much of their lost ground.

Even the number of Iranian war victims reflects the country's political divisions. Iranian troops are split among the regular military, the fanatical Revolutionary Guards and the often ragtag volunteer

corps known as the *basij*. During Iran's moderate phase in the mid-1980s, Tehran reduced the death toll by relying on trained professional soldiers for most of the fighting. Rafsanjani announced in 1985 that Iran intended "to achieve victory with as few casualties as possible." But last year champions of the zealous Guards gained a stronger voice in ruling circles. The Guards have scant concern for casualties and favor launching human waves against enemy positions. In a unanimous vote last month, the U.N. Security Council demanded that Iran and Iraq declare a cease-fire, and last week the U.S. pushed efforts for a resolution calling for an arms embargo on Iran.

The relentless war with Iraq is only the most visible sign of Khomeini's determination to defeat heretics. No less important are Tehran's ties with the terrorist

The Unending Feud: Shi'ites vs. Sunnis

"There is no god but God, and Muhammad is the Messenger of God."

That confession of faith, the *shahada*, is professed by all Muslims, be they the 700 million Sunnis who dominate the Islamic world from Morocco to Indonesia or the 90 million Shi'ites who rule Iran and form majorities in Lebanon, Bahrain and Iraq. To the *shahada*, however, the Shi'ites add, "And Ali is the Friend of God." Those additional words in praise of Ali, whom the Shi'ites passionately claim is Muhammad's true successor, epitomize the complex and often bloody feud between Islam's two branches.

Among the close disciples of the Prophet, his son-in-law Ali was the most familiar with the teachings of Islam's founder. Yet when Muhammad died in A.D. 632, his followers bypassed Ali for the succession. However, the Shi'at Ali, the partisans of Ali, argued that the Prophet had designated Ali and his family the hereditary rulers of Islam. Persevering with his claim, Ali became Islam's leader in A.D. 656, only to be assassinated five years later. Hussein, Ali's son, eventually pressed his own claim to the leadership. But he and most of his family were killed in battle with rival forces at Karbala in Iraq. To the horror of all Islam, the Prophet's grandson was cruelly tortured before being beheaded.

To the Shi'at Ali, who later became known as Shi'ites, Hussein's tragic attempt to establish the Prophet's true succession was the supreme sacrifice for the faith. Martyrdom thus offers Shi'ites a chance to imitate their sainted hero. In Iran, which is more than 90% Shi'ite, passion plays depicting Hussein's last hours are performed regularly. Each year, on the date of Hussein's death, thousands of penitents march through Iranian streets whipping themselves with chains and branches, seeking purification through suffering.

Faithful Shi'ites admit only to the authority of Muhammad and the Twelve Imams, who comprise Ali, Hussein and certain of their direct descendants. The Shi'ites consider the Twelve to be mediators between God and man. Though the Twelfth and last Imam went into hiding in A.D. 940, Shi'ites believe that he will re-emerge to rule the world as the messi-



Ali, the "Friend of God"

anic Mahdi. Until that time, the Shi'ite clergy are responsible for interpreting Islam. The Ayatollah Khomeini, however, has gone one step further by establishing his government as a regency for the Mahdi. Khomeini, who claims descent from Muhammad through the Seventh Imam, has never claimed to be the Twelfth Imam, but he has done nothing to discourage his followers from hailing him as such. Some Shi'ites consider that zeal misplaced and heretical.

While they honor Ali, the Sunnis do not venerate their imams as divine intercessors. Sunni imams mainly conduct community prayers. Each Sunni (from *sunna*, "the tradition of the Prophet") believes he can have a direct relationship with God. While the Sunnis scorn emotional outbursts and engage in private, meditative piety, Shi'ites are more likely to indulge in displays of religious ardor. Indeed, the Sunnis, who consider themselves the orthodoxy, do not accept Shi'ism as a legitimate school of Islam until 1959.

Among some Arab states on the Persian Gulf, the relationship between Sunni rulers and Shi'ite subjects remains volatile. After all, in the eyes of the Shi'ites, any regime not under the rule of the Prophet's true heirs is an abomination. Indeed, Bahrain, which is more than 70% Shi'ite, defused a 1981 coup attempt allegedly inspired by Tehran. Kuwait, which is 24% Shi'ite, has been victimized by a wave of bombings believed to be the work of pro-Iranian terrorists.

In the war between Iraq and Iran, however, Iraqi Shi'ites, who make up almost 60% of their country's population, have chosen to be Iraqis first and Shi'ites second. The ancient animosity between Arabs and Persians apparently transcends religious sympathies. Nonetheless, the Iraqis receive constant reminders of Iranian Shi'ite fervor. Tehran's major offensives are named Karbala, after the place where Hussein died, and captured Iranian soldiers proudly show off the "keys to Heaven" issued to them when they enlisted. The celestial keys: dog tags. Observes an Iraqi official: "The Iranians are still fighting the Battle of Hussein."



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World

networks of Shi'ite radicals that stand ready to do the Ayatullah's bidding. Though tactics may shift, Khomeini's ultimate goal remains the same as when he came to power in Iran in 1979: to extend Shi'ite fundamentalism over all of Islam and recover the unity and power that the Muslim world has lost since the Middle Ages. "Khomeini is a one-track fanatic," contends a senior Israeli official. "But he is very cunning, very clever and knows what he wants to do."

So far, though, Khomeini has failed to export his revolution much farther than Beirut. That is the stronghold of the Hizballah, or Party of God, terrorists who revere Khomeini. Acting under such names as the Islamic Jihad and the Revolutionary Justice Organization, the Hizballah is suspected of holding most of the 24 foreign hostages, including nine Americans and Anglican Envoy Terry Waite, who are missing in Lebanon. As the Iran-contra hearings showed, Reagan's arms sales to Iran were designed primarily to pry Americans from Hizballah's grasp. The deals apparently did secure the release of three Americans—though four more were subsequently kidnapped—just as French contacts with Iran appeared to win freedom for five Frenchmen last year.

Hizballah's exploits are not confined to kidnapping. With the probable aid of 2,000 Revolutionary Guards stationed in the Bekaa Valley and 400 in southern Lebanon, the Islamic Jihad has claimed responsibility for six suicide attacks between 1982 and 1984 that took more than 500 lives and helped drive American, French and Israeli troops out of Lebanon. The campaign included the 1983 truck bombing that killed 241 U.S. servicemen billeted in Beirut.

Hizballah's ties to Tehran are abundantly clear. Leaders visit the Iranian capital regularly and reportedly get instructions from Iranian embassies in Damascus and Beirut. Khomeini is said to spend anywhere from \$15 million to \$50 million a year to finance Hizballah activities. Many Lebanese villages have so embraced Khomeini's way that their mosques and squares are adorned with pictures of the Ayatullah and even Iranian flags. Tehran reciprocates by putting pictures of Lebanese Shi'ite "martyrs" on Iranian postage stamps. Says Hussein Musawi, leader of the Hizballah-allied Is-

lamic Amal: "We do not believe in the presence of a state called Lebanon. We regard the entire Islamic world as our homeland."

Other countries have reason to fear that Hizballah will carry out terrorist acts on behalf of Iran. Last month a suspected member of Hizballah commandeered an Air Afrique jet, singled out a French passenger and shot him dead. Though the hijacking was staged ostensibly to force West Germany to release two jailed Hizballah operatives, the killing of the

near Syrian military posts in the Lebanese capital. Hizballah's most serious provocation came in June, when the group kidnapped U.S. Journalist Charles Glass near a Syrian checkpoint that was supposedly guarding the area.

Khomeini's relations with Saudi Arabia seem almost beyond repair. Ironically, the break follows a period in which Iran seemed to moderate its religious rivalry with the House of Saud. In a conciliatory move two years ago Khomeini replaced his religious representative in Mecca, a hard-line cleric whom the Saudis loathed. Before the start of this year's hajj, however, Khomeini's hatred had revived. Not only were the Saudis still bankrolling Iraq, they openly supported Kuwait's assistance to Baghdad. Many observers expect Iran to avenge the Mecca deaths by launching terrorist acts on Saudi Arabian soil or by fomenting trouble among the country's 350,000 or so Shi'ites, most of whom live in the oil-rich eastern provinces.

Tehran and Paris have been at daggers' points since mid-July, when France tried to question Wahid Gerdji, an Iranian embassy translator. French police suspect that Gerdji, who took refuge in the embassy, is linked to a string of Paris bombings last fall. When French officers surrounded the Iranian embassy to prevent Gerdji's escape, Iran sealed off the French embassy in Tehran.

Speaking in a televised interview last week, French Premier Jacques Chirac declared that "we have no intention of giving in to blackmail." In an

obvious reference to French warships headed for the gulf, Chirac vowed that "we will intervene" if Iran launched a military attack. Yet Chirac's room for maneuver is sharply limited. Any French military action could endanger the lives of the embassy captives in Tehran and the five French hostages held in Lebanon.

Britain treaded more cautiously last week. London's relations with Tehran have been tense since May, when an Iranian diplomat was arrested for shoplifting. After Iranian Revolutionary Guards beat a British embassy official in response, the two countries began to expel one another's diplomats. Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher has not wanted to push the quarrel any further, though. Sounded out privately two weeks ago by Washington about sending minesweepers



Leaders, clockwise: Khomeini; Montazeri; Khomeini's son Ahmed; Rafsanjani

To restore credibility, the regime needed to show renewed hate for America.

Frenchman suggested another motive: to pressure Paris to end the continuing diplomatic standoff between France and Iran. Washington last week quietly warned government installations at home and abroad to be alert to the Iranian threat. In West Berlin, the Allied Command ordered a number of Iranian diplomats to leave the city "in the interests of public order and security."

Tehran's ties with Hizballah have put it into conflict with its friends as well. Though Syria depends on Iran for much of its oil, relations between the two countries have deteriorated recently over events in Lebanon. Hizballah fought Syria's forces after Syrian President Hafez Assad sent troops into Beirut last February to restore law-and-order. Now Hizballah-set bombs explode almost nightly

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to the gulf, she politely said no. Thatcher reportedly was furious when U.S. Ambassador Charles Price formally repeated the same request, forcing her to reject the U.S. again, this time in public. Thatcher has added reason to look askance at the highly publicized American escort operation: London has quietly escorted British tankers through gulf waters for the past six years.

The Soviet Union, meanwhile, gladly seized the opportunity to play a larger role in the gulf. Indeed, it was a Soviet decision last spring to charter three oil tankers to Kuwait that drove the Reagan Administration to counter the move by reflagging Kuwaiti vessels. But in reporting last week's negotiations with Iran, the Soviet news agency TASS noted that both Moscow and Tehran expressed mutual concern over the "unprecedented buildup of the U.S. military presence in the region." Nonetheless, the potential partnership poses problems for both countries. The Soviet Union remains a major arms supplier to Iraq. And Moscow cannot ignore the potential appeal of Khomeini's fiery fundamentalism to Soviet Muslim communities in Central Asia.

Yet Iran's economic woes seem to be nudging it toward the Kremlin. The turning point came last year with the arrival of the highest-ranking Soviet delegation to visit Tehran since the 1979 revolution. Then in December Tehran reported that the Soviets had agreed in principle to resume imports of Iranian natural gas and that the two countries were exploring the joint production of steel and petrochemicals.

For all his bluster, Khomeini is adept at turning the fears and jealousies of rival nations to his own advantage. "Look at Iran's position today," says a senior Israeli. "No one can ignore it. And many will even admire it." Part of that success stems from Khomeini's shrewd cynicism and ability to size up opponents. Speaking of Washington two years ago, the Ayatullah dryly observed, "It is clear that if we take one step toward the U.S., they take 100 in return."

Khomeini swiftly learned the value of dire pronouncements that are never actually carried out. The Ayatullah used the 1979-81 U.S. hostage crisis to inflame his own people and cement his revolution. But when Khomeini no longer needed the hostages, he let them go and agreed to drop demands for a U.S. apology and the return of assets of the former Shah. Since the hostage crisis, Khomeini has repeatedly found that a combination of bullying and pragmatic concessions has kept his enemies off-balance. Observes Richard Bulliet, a professor of Middle East history at Columbia University: "Khomeini is not the lunatic that many people in the West take him for."

Now other nations must again find a way to deal with that figure. For all the problems that Reagan's Kuwait escort service has encountered, the President seems determined to continue with the



Rituals of grief: women throw themselves on a grave at a cemetery near the capital
The war with Iraq has cost some 300,000 Iranian lives, with no end in sight.

operation indefinitely. Says a senior Administration official: "He's committed to demonstrating support to our friends in the region." Still, the White House began muting its military role in the gulf last week. Senior officials insisted that the reflagging was first and foremost a display of solidarity toward the moderate Arabs, not a show of muscle.

Whatever Washington's intent, Iran can ill afford a direct clash with the U.S. Not only would Tehran have little chance of winning, but a fight would drain vital resources from the all important war against Iraq. Still, Western military analysts are worried about a possible suicide bomb attack from an explosives-packed plane or boat.

The greatest threat to Khomeini's Iran may finally come not from the battlefield but from the country's almost suicidal tendency to cut itself off from the rest of the world. Each time Iran begins to make overtures to other nations, it seems instinctively to stop and pull back. Tehran's tenuous links with Washington, Paris and London have all been shattered in the past year. So too have been the painstaking efforts of some Iranian leaders to improve ties with Saudi Arabia. Whether Iran can leave such traits behind will ultimately rest with Khomeini's successors. All the indications are that the pragmatic Rafsanjani, 53, is locked in a fierce power struggle with the hard-liner Montazeri. Without a clear winner, the two men could wind up sharing authority in an arrangement that would make Montazeri the religious leader and Rafsanjani the political head of state. Most experts predict that a turbulent transition will follow Khomeini's death.

One power broker may be Khomeini's son Ahmed, 43. While members of the Ayatullah's family have traditionally been left on the sidelines, Khomeini brought Ahmed into government affairs late last year to oversee Tehran's two major newspapers and supervise state TV and radio stations and the national IRNA news agency. Iranian experts now consider Ahmed a full-fledged member of Khomeini's inner circle, along with Rafsanjani and Montazeri.

For all the speculation about Khomeini's successor, the Ayatullah remains very much the spiritual force behind the Iranian revolution. Reportedly afflicted with a weakening heart and prostate cancer, Khomeini nonetheless grants public audiences, meets weekly with the families of martyrs and even performs Islamic marriage ceremonies. On most days, though, he remains secluded in his house in north Tehran, emerging from time to time to issue the whispery proclamations that echo around the world. Intimates say the Ayatullah yearns to ensure that the revolution will survive long after he is gone. That may not be possible, given the nation's fractious politics and the fact that none of the potential successors possesses Khomeini's ability to mesmerize the country. But for now, the brooding leader remains a formidable force, an old man who can at will command the attention of both the superpowers and all of his Arab neighbors. As he first proved eight years ago and continues to prove, the Ayatullah Ruhollah Khomeini has transformed Iran into a state that the world must reckon with.

—By John Greenwalt.
Reported by David S. Jackson/Abu Dhabi and Scott MacLeod/Cairo, with other bureaus

Living with War And Revolution

Videos, ration books, draft dodging and business as usual in an impassioned land



Seven young men, all in their late teens or early 20s, slipped into a deserted dead-end street in eastern Tehran. From a neighborhood mosque, a loud-speaker rumbled with denunciations of America. While two of the youths acted as lookouts, a third placed a boxlike device at the base of a concrete wall, then rejoined his comrades. Subversives? Yes indeed, but not the kind to start an armed rebellion against the government. These, after all, were children of the Khomeini revolution, indoctrinated in the dream of conquering the world for Islam. But on this occasion they had another aim: they began to dance wildly as the pulsating rhythms of Michael Jackson's disco classic *Thriller* blared from the tape recorder the youth had placed beside the wall.

This scene is part of the cultural underground in Iran today. Among those who can afford them, American rock videocassettes are a big favorite. Groups of young men, many of them draft dodgers, pool their money to buy video recorders. The regime's efforts to eradicate all Western influences, and especially such evils as music, dance and free speech, have spawned a thirst for whatever the Islamic republic denounces as sinful. Example: the continuing popularity of a satirical videotaped movie called *Samad Becomes the Imam*, featuring a goofy, rustic character who emerges as the supreme ruler of the Islamic state.

The visible side of Iranian life today—the hundreds of thousands who march in support of Khomeini's pledge to exact vengeance from Iraq, the U.S. and Saudi Arabia—underscores the fact that the Islamic government still enjoys considerable support. The invisible side is more difficult to assess, but there is evidence of a growing discontent among many Iranians, particularly the educated and the well-to-do.

In the view of dissidents, all the evils for which Khomeini once criticized the Shah—everything from brutality to official corruption—are being committed by members of the current regime. The government continues to enjoy both popularity and legitimacy among millions of Iranians and can still command masses of young zealots who believe in Khomeini's promise to "march to Jerusalem" by way

of Iraq. But the seemingly endless fighting is producing disillusionment among others. Says a factory manager whose plant is virtually closed for lack of raw materials: "A grocer down the block has lost three sons in the war. It would kill him if he had to accept the reality that they died in vain, that there is no march to Jerusalem."

Many educated Iranians, even including Khomeini loyalists, complain about the number of young men killed on the battlefield. Says Sajid Rizvi, a London-based Middle East analyst: "Don't forget, government officials have children too. They are as worried as everybody else that their sons will go off and never come back." Virtually every family that has money or political connections is desperately attempting to bribe or connive another way to get a young son out of the country. Often they ask Westerners to help arrange visas for prolonged trips abroad. Explains a Londoner who has friends in Iran: "They realize that the war is going to last a long time and that eventually a son is going to get called to the front. And they are simply unwilling to make that sacrifice." Since the ruptures in Iran's diplomatic ties with Britain and France, long lines of visa seekers have been forming outside the West German embassy in Tehran.

According to one military source, the number of army conscripts who refuse to heed the call to battle has sometimes run as high as 30%. But even if a draft dodger manages to avoid a long prison sentence, he soon discovers that it is almost impossible to get a job, go into business or travel abroad if he cannot produce an honorable-discharge certificate. A young man named Hamid admits that he has been in the homes of parents and relatives for four years, but insists, "It's better than dying in a stupid war." Tens of thousands are believed to have escaped to Turkey, Pakistan, the gulf states and elsewhere but have little means of earning a decent living in exile.

On occasion the government has felt obliged to draft white-collar bureaucrats into the military, thereby creating manpower problems in civilian life. When a tax officer who had been employed at the Ministry of Economic Affairs and Finance was killed at the front, no one took over his ministry caseload. "During the



Defending the Khomeini government on the home



One of the country's few remaining polo clubs

last few offensives, the authorities have had to mobilize the educated bureaucracy," says Rizvi. "The result is that many departments have lost competent people."

Another social problem is the ever growing number of young widows. The government, fearful that these women will be forced to turn to prostitution if not properly cared for, is encouraging families to marry them off again as quickly as possible, but this time to older men who are unlikely to go to war.

Only two kinds of businesses seem to be thriving: those that sell to the govern-



front: chador-clad women receive civil-training at a camp in the northeastern outskirts of the capital

Glancing at a jeweler's well-stocked window



Hawkers still sell carpets and practically everything else on the busy streets of the capital

A time of study on the sidewalks of Qum

ment and those that sell for it. Some merchants who have hoarded such basic items as meat, sugar, flour and even matches have made huge profits. Says a businessman in the import-export trade: "The only money to be made these days is in trading staples, house appliances and the like. People pay whatever they have to to get them."

There is widespread corruption in the bazaars because of the rapid growth of the black market, which now pays at least ten times the official rate of exchange for foreign currency. When the Cabinet dis-

cussed the matter recently, Khomeini reportedly vetoed the idea of imposing harsher sentences for black marketeering because he thought it would only lead to greater public frustration.

Inflation, officially pegged at 20%, has risen sharply in the past 18 months. Wealthy shoppers in north Tehran can still find almost anything they want, including imported luxury goods, but at sky-high prices. Because the salaries of lower-paid workers have increased little if at all since the revolution, many have taken additional, part-time jobs. To help them

cope with inflation, the government has issued special ration books permitting them to buy food staples for roughly a tenth of the price the same items would cost on the open market.

The government launched an all-out campaign against gouging last month, giving inspectors the power to impose fines, shut down shops and force owners to post prices. The names of closed shops are published in daily newspapers, along with the correct costs of basic items. On a morning radio show called *Hello, Have a Good Day*, listeners have repeatedly com-

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plained about high prices and profiteering. Some gripe that while government employees can barely make ends meet, a few merchants are getting richer and richer. Nonetheless, the social and political status of the *bazaari*, the powerful businessmen who traditionally have run the economy, seems to be declining as the government assumes a larger role in setting prices.

In such an atmosphere, corruption thrives. One prosperous *bazaari*, who lives in a villa on a tree-lined street above the center of Tehran, says he can still bribe a policeman when the officer stops him late at night in his Mercedes-Benz for drunken driving. A diplomat discloses that he pays off local police before giving a dinner party and afterward finds them in his kitchen dining on the leftovers and drinking his vodka.

Less corrupt but far more menacing than the traditional authorities are the *Pasdaran*, or Revolutionary Guards, who constantly patrol the streets. Says a young Iranian Jew who fled to Israel: "They stop you if they do not like your looks or if they have the slightest suspicion that you are not obeying the rules of Islam. If you go hand in hand with your wife, they will stop you and force you to show them your marriage license. If you do not have the document, you will be arrested." In the minds of many Iranians, the Revolutionary Guards have taken the place of SAVAK, the Shah's dreaded secret police.

In paying for the war, the government suffered a serious setback last year when its oil revenues fell from a projected \$18 billion to \$8 billion. Yet the country is not on the brink of financial disaster. Its central bank has a relatively healthy \$5.1 billion in foreign reserves, plus at least \$2 billion in gold. Now that oil prices are climbing again, Iran expects to earn as much as \$12 billion this year.

Tehran, the capital, is unmistakably seedy these days, but it has suffered surprisingly little damage from the war. Women in black chadors still peer into shopwindows filled with Western-style wedding dresses and lingerie. As always, automobiles choke the city, creating a blanket of smog. Near the airport, concrete walls are covered with political cartoons, some depicting America as the "Great Satan" and others attacking Iraqi President Saddam Hussein. One drawing shows Saddam's face peering out of a pot surrounded by hand grenades, and another depicts the U.S. as a skeleton clutching bombs in its hands.

Relics of the past, slowly decaying, can be seen everywhere. Far above the capital stands one of the Shah's palaces, now a sort of museum where schoolchildren gaze in wonder at the cavernous rooms full of crystal and gold. In front of the palace, half of the great bronze statue of the former ruler can still be seen, the monument was severed at the waist during the revolution.

Despite the war, many Iranians enjoy themselves. In summer thousands flock to the Caspian Sea, and in winter the ski re-

from the Koran. The rest of the fare includes foreign-language classes, American science programs of 1950s vintage and news programs in Farsi, Arabic and English, a feature designed to spread Iranian views to the gulf states. The Iranians can even watch quiz shows; one favorite involves teams of players racing to complete a crossword puzzle. Live and televised soccer matches draw large audiences, which watch the four major teams that play regularly in the capital.

Yet the dreadful war never seems far

away. With so many men off in the army, women are being given basic military training for civil defense. Apart from worries about loved ones at the front, there is the fear of a revival of the "war of the cities," which flared up again early this year when Tehran and other urban centers were bombed by Iraqi planes. Since then the attacks have abated, but the nervousness remains. When a severe thunder-and-lightning storm struck the capital last month, causing heavy flooding, some city dwellers thought an air raid was in progress and rushed to an underground passageway, where an unknown number drowned in the torrent.

Because so many of the war's victims are from the lower class, the impoverished southern section of Tehran has been particularly hard hit. Posters bearing photographs of the dead are prominently displayed outside many homes. Black cloths hang near the entrances to homes, and small shrines that are covered with mirrors are set beside the doors. "If you drive around the city after a large military operation, you see many of these shrines,"

says a Tehran resident. "They are all over the southern section. Posters of the dead form a sort of collage dedicated to martyrdom. Every so often, municipal workers come to remove the posters, but soon the walls are covered again. It has become so common that people hardly notice anymore."

Without doubt the war has given focus to the country and purpose to the revolution. But the disaffection, however great it may be at present, will grow inevitably as the interminable struggle continues. A recent business visitor to Tehran told a senior Iranian official bluntly, "I have spent three weeks talking to people here, and I haven't found a single one who is satisfied with the regime." Replied the official matter-of-factly: "God's satisfaction is what matters."

—By William E. Smith.
Reported by Raji Sanghabadi/New York and Adam Zagorin/Paris, with other bureaus



Images of power: selling portraits of the country's leaders in Tehran

Quiz shows and ski holidays, Koran readings and daily prayers.

sports remain popular. Both beaches and slopes have separate zones for men and women, and there are always the Revolutionary Guards and their chador-clad female counterparts on hand to enforce proper Islamic behavior and maintain the segregation of the sexes. The cinemas, which are often jammed, feature both postrevolutionary Iranian fare and heavily censored foreign films. One recent hit was *Baran*, a 1962 picture starring Anthony Quinn. Another was the Iranian film *The Call of the Forest*, which dealt with the popular resistance to the Cossacks, a cavalry unit at one time led by the late Shah's father Reza Shah, who ruled Iran from 1925 to 1941.

Though television antennas sprout in even the smallest villages, the country has only two TV channels. Apart from morning shows for children, the broadcast day usually begins at 2 p.m. with readings



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Coping with the Unfathomable

Patience, plus readiness, may be the best weapons against Tehran



"I think there's no point in trying to predict what the Iranians are going to do. We simply have a task to do, and we're going to go ahead and do it." So said Defense Secretary Caspar

Weinberger, reflecting what was probably the Reagan Administration's dominant view of the challenge posed by Tehran. But even as the Administration was being assailed for the lack of foresight in its gulf policy, the Pentagon was thinking hard about what to do in the event of an Iranian attack on U.S. warships in the waterway. Beyond that, other questions loomed. How could immediate tensions in the region be eased? Above all, what can Western governments, and the U.S. in particular, do to cope with a radically unpredictable state like Iran?

The military questions alone threatened to be an enormously nuanced exercise. Some strategists have already been severely critical of the Administration for failing to hit back at Iran when the reflagged tanker *Bridgeton* struck a mine last month. "We should have pulverized Farsi Island," fumed Zbigniew Brzezinski, Jimmy Carter's National Security Adviser. "All this power cringing in the area is a terrible embarrassment."

For its part, the Administration insists that its policy is to retaliate swiftly against attacks on the gulf convoy—once the aggressor has been accurately identified. Discussing the *Bridgeton* incident recently, for example, Weinberger asserted that it is impossible to know who laid the mine. "They don't leave fingerprints," said the Secretary curtly.

Other military experts, like Washington's Anthony Cordesman, consultant and author of the forthcoming book *The Iran-Iraq War, 1984-1987*, counsel more caution. Says Cordesman: "The key factor is to allow Iran to determine the level of escalation. The U.S. must not be perceived as escalating the conflict." U.S. military planners last week were hewing closely to Cordesman's line and planning for contingencies based on the nature of any foreseeable Iranian provocations. If Iran were to fire upon an American vessel with its Chinese-made Silkworm missiles, for example, the U.S. would most likely seek to destroy the missile sites. Bombers aboard the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Constitution*, based just outside the gulf, could be

dispatched on short notice. The Silkworms, situated in isolated spots along the gulf and manned by small crews, could be taken out cleanly.

If Iran chose to escalate in other ways that could be directly traced to Tehran, such as overt mining of gulf waters or frontal attacks on the reflagged tankers, the Pentagon has a menu of additional options. One choice is retaliatory U.S. min-

the moment is how the U.S. is standing virtually alone, exposed," says Military Historian Edward Luttwak, author of *Strategy: The Logic of War and Peace*. As Luttwak sees it, "The whole lesson of history teaches the necessity of achieving consensus, at home and abroad, for such adventures." The U.S. could help form such a consensus by including its allies, particularly Western Europe, in the formation of a coherent

American policy. Once that was achieved, the U.S. could further bind its allies to its side by avoiding unilateral actions, such as its solitary decision to reflag Kuwait's tankers.

Many foreign policy analysts feel that if Washington wants to defuse Iranian radicalism, it needs to rethink its military options entirely. "If the American aim was to put a military presence in the gulf in order to deter Iranian action, it was an entirely misplaced decision," says Group Captain David Bolton, director of the British government-funded Royal United Services Institute for Defense Studies in London. Rather than shows of force, Bolton counsels a gradual withdrawal of U.S. warships from the area. "while quiet diplomacy U.S. allies seek an international way out."

In diplomatic terms, such an effort may involve greater American recourse to that much maligned body the United Nations. The advantage of the U.N., explains Gary Sick, an Iran expert and former Middle East adviser to the Carter Administration, is that it allows other Arab nations to join publicly in an effort to moderate Iran's behavior. At the moment, many Arab states feel they cannot back the U.S. openly in any diplomatic enterprise because of Washington's strong support of Israel. The U.N., says Sick, at least offers a forum for low-profile and private discussion of the issue.

The Administration has already backed a U.N. Security Council resolution, passed in June, that called for a ceasefire in the Iran-Iraq war, an exchange of prisoners and peace negotiations. Tehran has so far refused to listen to the call. But that, says Sick, should discourage no one. He and most other experts agree that in dealing with fundamentalist radicalism, the most important weapons in the American arsenal are probably firmness and patience.

By Jacob V. Lassar Jr.
Reported by Frank Melville/London and Bruce van Voorst/Washington



Constitution can dispatch bombers to targets in the gulf on short notice

ing around the Iranian oil refinery at Kharg Island or around the major port of Bushehr, two crucial harbors for Iranian sea trade. If more aggressive U.S. strikes were needed, particularly in retaliation for direct attacks on the tankers, bombers from the *Constitution* could hit Iranian airfields and key petroleum-refining installations with ease.

Those are largely tactical considerations. At the strategic level of coping with the gulf crisis and with Iran, experts find far fewer cut-and-dried answers. One strongly held view, however, is that Washington must devise all its moves in the region in much closer concert with U.S. allies. "The incredible feature of the gulf at



The Silkworm, a new Iranian weapon

The U.S. could take out the sites cleanly.

World

PAKISTAN

A Bad Case of Nuclear Friction

Zia rebuffs a U.S. effort to impose restraints on proliferation

For more than a decade Pakistan's determination to have the capacity to build nuclear bombs has strained relations with the U.S. That issue returned to the surface last week, threatening to undermine vital areas of cooperation between Washington and its most important strategic ally in South Asia. U.S. Under Secretary of State for Political Affairs Michael Armacost arrived in Islamabad with a tough message: Pakistan must submit to on-site inspection of its burgeoning nuclear facilities or risk the suspension of a \$540 million military and economic-aid package. The government of President Mohammed Zia ul-Haq firmly rejected the demand.

In public, at least, Armacost downplayed the dispute. He described the nuclear discussions as "very frank and, I believe, useful." Further talks, he said, would follow. But Pakistani Foreign Minister Sahabzada Yaqub Khan was more direct. He indignantly declared that acceding to any U.S. inspection demand would be "an affront to our self-respect and harmful to our national interests."

Armacost's trip was originally intended as a friendly call to discuss both U.S. aid, which is slated to total \$4.2 billion over a six-year period, and the war in neighboring Soviet-occupied Afghanistan. Refugee camps in Pakistan serve as bases of operations for 100,000 U.S.-supported *mujahedin* guerrilla fighters who are battling the Soviets. Pakistan is the main pipeline for the rebels' arms, including sophisticated Stinger and Blowpipe anti-aircraft missiles.

The Zia government has paid a heavy price for its role in supporting Afghanistan's anti-Communist guerrillas. In recent months, Pakistani cities have been rocked by terrorist bomb attacks that authorities blame on Khad, the Afghan secret police. The worst occurrence left 75 dead and 300 injured in Karachi, Pakistan's largest city, and led to demonstrations for greater security.

In addition, Soviet and Afghan pilots have launched well over 100 bomb and rocket attacks on Pakistani soil since late last year, killing more than 300 people. Zia's government has issued an



The President at home: once again, the Bomb strains relations

"extremely urgent" request for U.S. radar surveillance aircraft to help ward off the intruders. The Reagan Administration looks favorably on the idea, though it still disagrees with Pakistan on the type of equipment to send.

That high-stakes cooperation is being seriously compromised by the nuclear issue. Last month, long after the schedule for Armacost's visit was completed, Arshad Pervez, a Pakistani native who holds Canadian citizenship, was arrested in Philadelphia and charged with trying to export to Pakistan 25 tons of a special steel alloy used in the enrichment of uranium for nuclear weapons. A federal grand jury has since indicted both Pervez and a resident of the Pakistani city of Lahore, retired Brigadier Inam ul-Haq, for conspiring to illegally export strategic materials. U.S. investigators suspect that the Pakistani government is behind the il-

licit scheme, a charge that Foreign Minister Yaqub Khan denied last week. To buttress that claim, Pakistani authorities have issued a warrant for Inam's arrest.

That may not assuage U.S. legislators who are certain that Pakistan seeks the Bomb to match India, which exploded a "peaceful nuclear device" in 1974. Looming in the background is a 1985 law requiring a cutoff of U.S. aid to any country that tries to illegally acquire American technology or supplies for nuclear bomb making. With his plea to Zia, Armacost was hoping to prevent that cutoff from being applied automatically. The inspection request was specifically aimed at Pakistan's top-secret facility at Kahuta, where most nuclear research is believed to take place.

Pakistan's rejection virtually guarantees that the nuclear issue will continue to fester, thereby threatening the entire range of U.S. interests in the

region. One effect of Washington's pressure so far has been to unite a normally vociferous opposition behind Zia's authoritarian government. Declared Maulana Shah Ahmad Noorani, president of the right-wing Jamiatul-Ulema-e-Pakistan Party: "Pakistan must not accept the U.S. pressure. It should continue its nuclear program even if that means cutting off all American aid."

The next move may lie with the U.S. Congress. Last week, in an article in the *Washington Post*, Claiborne Pell, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, denounced Pakistan for "breaking its commitments and flouting U.S. laws." Representative Dante Fascell of Florida, who heads the House Foreign Affairs Committee, has asked the Administration to suspend military portions of the aid package until Pakistan shows that it is not involved in illicit attempts to obtain nuclear materials. And an appropriations subcommittee has already voted to suspend a small portion of the aid. Many analysts believe congressional action will end there, since awareness among the lawmakers of the larger geopolitical issues is likely to temper a more draconian response to Pakistan's less than cooperative rejoinder. But at the same time, the hope among U.S. officials is that Pakistan will come to grips with the necessity to calm legitimate fears in Washington that Pakistan's nuclear program might touch off a dangerous regional arms race.

—By Michael S. Serrill
Reported by Mohammed Aftab/
Islamabad



Antiaircraft guns guard the Institute of Nuclear Science at Kahuta
A minister termed inspections "an affront to our self-respect."



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World



Defanging the Tigers: peacekeeping troops inspect weapons given up by the rebels

SRI LANKA

Peace Flexes Its Muscle

Guerrillas surrender their arms as India enforces a fragile calm

It was a moment of anger and frustration for Vellupillai Prabhakaran, leader of Sri Lanka's separatist Tamil Tiger guerrillas. Speaking before some 70,000 members of the country's Tamil minority on the grounds of a Hindu temple in the Jaffna peninsula, the rebel leader promised that his 3,500 followers would hand over their arms to Indian peacekeeping forces that had started streaming into the north and east of the country five days earlier. The vast assembly cheered in approval, barely listening as Prabhakaran added bitterly, "We do not accept this accord. But, because India is a powerful country, we are unable to do anything about it. I don't think it will be a lasting solution."

Sri Lanka's 16 million people were divided about the surprise peace agreement signed on July 29 by their President Junius R. Jayewardene and Indian Prime Minister Rajiv Gandhi. Despite the rebel rancor, the country's Tamils, 2 million strong, welcomed what they hoped was the end to a civil war that had claimed 6,000 lives since 1983 and threatened to tear Sri Lanka apart along ethnic lines. The 12 million Sinhalese, however, were enraged at the agreement, which grants local rule to two northern and eastern provinces heavily populated by Tamils. After an initial spate of rioting, the Sinhalese calmed down. But how long will the uneasy peace last?

Much will depend on the Tigers, many of them originally armed and trained in India's nearby Tamil Nadu state. The rebels, who still hope to establish a separate Tamil nation, promised to lay down their weapons only to avoid confrontation with the 7,000 Indian troops who are enforcing the agreement. An am-

nesty for rebels and Tamil prisoners took effect last week. Even so, compliance with the surrender seemed halfhearted. At a Jaffna air base, Sri Lankan officials received six truckloads of guerrilla weaponry, including .50-cal. machine guns, AK-47 assault rifles and homemade mortars. But the arms dump was also salted with rusty rifles and shells the Tigers would probably never use. The final turn-in rate might be as low as 40%. In that case, the Indian army may launch operations to ferret out hidden weapons.

For their part, many Sinhalese are nervous at the enormous influence that New Delhi has now gained over Sri Lankan affairs. Indian air force planes are now a common sight at virtually every major Sri Lankan airport. The commander of the Indian peacekeeping force pops up regularly for interviews on Sri Lankan television and in newspapers. Even some Tamils are beginning to grumble that the Indians look like an invading force.

For Gamini Dissanayake, a senior minister in President Jayewardene's government, the peace agreement merely "amounts to a recognition that we are living next door to a very powerful and complex country." The pact must still be ratified by Sri Lanka's Parliament, currently in recess. Dissanayake predicts that Jayewardene's majority United National Party will support the pact. Just to be sure, the canny President was said to be considering a delay in the recall of Parliament until at least mid-September. That would allow inflamed passions on the balmy island to cool further, and thereby give peace, Sri Lankan-style, a better chance. —By Howard G. Chua-Eoan. Reported by Qadri Ismail and Ross H. Munro/Jaffna

PANAMA

Down and Dirty

Noriega strikes back

Once again, Panama's strongman, General Manuel Antonio Noriega, was on the counterattack last week, mainly on the propaganda front. His targets included not only the civilian opposition that has waged a two-month struggle to loosen his grip on power but also the U.S. embassy.

Noriega's major move was a police raid on the offices of the National Civic Crusade, the coalition of 107 community organizations that has staged daily street demonstrations in the capital. Plainclothes government agents burst into the Crusade offices in downtown Panama City and hauled off boxes of documents. Then, at a dramatic midnight news conference, Attorney General Carlos Villalaz announced that the papers outlined a plot to dissolve the 67-member legislature and hand over power to a civilian junta. Authorities issued arrest warrants for six Crusade leaders, accusing them of conspiracy to overthrow the government. The sextet went into hiding.

The government also announced that Colonel Roberto Diaz Herrera—who kicked off the cycle of protest on June 7 when he accused Noriega of corruption, electoral fraud and murder—had signed two depositions withdrawing his allegations. Diaz has been in jail since a Panamanian army raid on his house on July 27. Speculation was that Diaz signed the documents as the price for exile in Venezuela.

Then it was the turn of the U.S., which cut off all aid to the Noriega regime on July 22. In a bid to tie Washington directly to the alleged opposition conspiracy, the pro-government Panamanian newspaper *Crítica* charged that U.S. Ambassador Arthur Davis had arrived at the Crusade offices around the time of the police raid. The U.S. embassy called the allegation a "lie."

In Washington, Secretary of State George Shultz declared that the freeze on aid to Panama would continue until the "emergence of civilian, democratic control." A bipartisan group of Senators that included conservative Jesse Helms and liberal Edward Kennedy announced they would sponsor legislation to continue the aid freeze indefinitely. In Miami, U.S. drug-enforcement agents began looking into new allegations that Noriega has taken payoffs from drug traffickers.

Late in the week tens of thousands of protesters, all clad in white, the color of the opposition, took to the streets of Panama City in the largest antigovernment rally since June. The demonstration was largely peaceful, and police left the protesters alone. For the time being, Noriega seemed to prefer propaganda ploys to outright repression. ■

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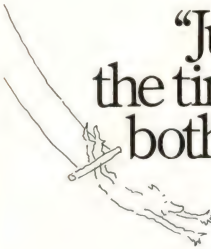


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World Notes



The Philippines: Corazon Aquino views the body of her slain minister

THE PHILIPPINES

Death at the Burger Stand

The murder was the most shocking blow yet to the government of Philippine President Corazon Aquino. After calmly downing hamburgers at a snack stand in a Manila suburb, three young men, armed with 45-cal. pistols and an UZI submachine gun, opened fire on a passing silver-green Toyota Cressida. The hail of gunfire instantly killed the car's driver and fatally wounded his passenger, Local Governments Secretary Jaime Ferrer, 70, a prominent member of Aquino's Cabinet and nemesis of the country's Communist insurgents. The gunmen and two accomplices then roared away into the night.

The killing of Ferrer, the only sitting Cabinet member to be assassinated in Philippine history, traumatized the republic. No one claimed responsibility, but suspicion first turned to the Communist hit teams that have targeted policemen and soldiers in the recently stepped-up insurgency. Ferrer was hated by the armed left for his espousal of unarmed vigilante groups as a line of defense against the rebels. But some Filipinos noted that Ferrer's recent firing of a clutch of governors and mayors may have provoked a settling of scores. An even more widespread belief is that supporters of deposed President Ferdi-

nand Marcos might be behind the killings. By week's end authorities claimed to have turned up two suspects, both of them believed to be Communist supporters.

GREECE

Lack of Humor In High Places

The hottest ticket in Athens last week was a satire at the Athinaion Theater titled *What the Japanese Saw*. The two-hour burlesque heaps salty abuse on Greek President Christos Sartzetakis. "The country was in a mess," mourns one of the show's comedians, "then Sartzetakis came along too. Is it possible to look at this fathead and not laugh?" Added to those insults were plenty of barbs deploring the President's allegedly pompous ways. What made the show SRO, however, was the fact that its two main actors had just been arrested, briefly jailed, then tried and acquitted on the basis of their performance. The charge: defamation of the presidency.

The notoriously humorless Sartzetakis, 58, has denied any connection with the abortive action by the public prosecutor's office. Before taking up his post in 1985, Sartzetakis was a respected prosecutor and judge who was imprisoned and tortured under the dictatorial Greek junta of the late 1960s



Soviet Union: Red Army officers leave Kabul for an uncertain welcome

and early 1970s. Part of his career was dramatized in the 1968 movie *Z*. But the President has often been lampooned for his intolerance of press criticism and his regal life-style. After the bust, the government of Prime Minister Andreas Papandreu issued a statement assuring citizens that it respected freedom of expression.

SOVIET UNION

"What Are We Ashamed Of?"

A twice-wounded war vet complains that service to his country counts for nothing when he seeks an apartment for his young family. An amputee's brother claims that the wounded man's benefits were inexplicably downgraded. A construction worker says that when his son was killed in action, a newspaper refused him an obituary. Asks the father: "What are we ashamed of?"

Bitter vignettes from the American home front after Viet Nam? No, those complaints came last week from the pages of the Soviet Communist Party daily *Pravda*. They apparently were a bid to whip up concern for the sacrifices made by servicemen in the estimated 115,000-member Soviet force occupying Afghanistan. One letter writer from Volgograd wondered why tombstones of Soviet soldiers make no mention of ser-

vice in Afghanistan. "The war is still going," she wrote, "and we are already trying to blot it from our memories."

BRITAIN

Wedding Bells, Then a Divorce

"Six years is long enough for an engagement. It's time for wedding bells." So said the leader of Britain's Liberal Party, David Steel, in July as he pressed for a formal merger of the Liberals and the centrist Social Democratic Party. The two political groups, which won only 22 of 650 parliamentary seats in last spring's British general election, have since 1981 formed a carefully calibrated alliance, wedged between Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher's Conservatives and the union-backed Labor Party. Last week, after a tally of ballots mailed to the S.D.P.'s more than 58,000 members showed that 57.4% favored Steel's merger proposal, it was formally accepted.

But the marriage banns also led to a divorce. S.D.P. Leader David Owen, who had helped found the party as a breakaway movement from Labor, had opposed the merger, citing basic differences on defense policy. Last week he made good on a threat to resign. Steel called that "logical," while decrying Owen's opposition as "profoundly mistaken."

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MARK OF EXCELLENCE

Economy & Business

No More Downtime

Personal-computer makers are up and running again

Order a round of Dom Pérignon. Put on a party hat. Grab a noisemaker. Get ready to shout "Happy Anniversary!" After all, it was just ten years ago that Americans walked into retail stores and saw the first fully assembled personal computers sitting on the shelves, waiting to be taken home and plugged into the socket. It was the beginning of the computer era for millions of people, ranging from sixth-graders learning to log on, to secretaries spinning out reams of letters, to hopeful authors plugging away at their novels on the screen.



Roach and the Tandy 4000

Nowadays a zippy chorus or two of *Happy Days Are Here Again* would not be out of order either. After its initial burst of prosperity, the computer industry fell into a two-year slump that some feared might signal a permanent slowdown in growth. The good news in computerdom is that the sluggishness appears to be over and many makers of personal computers are once again registering record revenues and plump profits. The companies' stock prices have recovered, and some firms are hiring factory workers and sales people after a long spell of layoffs and attrition. Best of all, as far as customers are concerned, the computer companies have parlayed several recent technological breakthroughs into a passel of affordable, easy-to-use new machines that seem to be leaping through dealers' doors and into U.S. homes and offices. Says William Lempesis, an analyst with the Dataquest

market-research firm: "There's been an upswing in the entire industry."

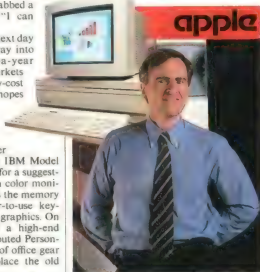
Two of the biggest players certainly came out swinging last week in Manhattan, where both IBM and Tandy staged long-awaited product announcements. In a much ballyhooed presentation party at the Waldorf-Astoria hotel, Tandy introduced two personal-computer models targeted for use in high schools and colleges, another aimed at the office market and a lap-top model designed for executives on the go. The occasion gave the Texas-based company a chance to renew its claim of having pioneered the mass marketing of personal computers with the August 1977 introduction of its model TRS-80. For Tandy Chairman John Roach, the unveiling was also an opportunity to let loose a not so subtle shot at the industry's Goliath. When someone in the audience asked about IBM's next move, Roach jumped to his feet, grabbed a microphone and drawled, "I can hardly wait."

He did not have to. The next day IBM also made a major foray into the world's \$9.8 billion-a-year educational and home markets with two of its own new low-cost machines. The company hopes the models, which start at \$1,350, will generate much more excitement than its PCjr series, which fizzled 16 months after a November 1983 introduction. The new IBM Model 25, for example, which sells for a suggested list price of \$1,695 with a color monitor, boasts five to eight times the memory of a PCjr, a larger, easier-to-use keyboard and greatly improved graphics. On the same day IBM added a high-end \$13,995 model to its much touted Personal System/2 series, the line of office gear introduced in April to replace the old IBM PCs.

Such feisty competitiveness is a sign that the computer slump is history. From 1984 through 1986, worldwide unit sales of personal computers stayed virtually flat. But this year sales are expected to rise nearly 13%, as customers plunk down \$35 billion to buy about 17 million machines, according to estimates from Dataquest. Slugging it out for many of those dollars are personal computing's Front Four: IBM (which had a 26% slice of last year's market), Apple (which had 8%), Tandy

(5%) and Compaq (3%). The remaining 58% of the world market has been carved up by about 150 other firms, including AT&T, Zenith and Commodore in the U.S., Japanese firms like NEC and Toshiba and South Korea's Daewoo and Hyundai. Although the growth of IBM's sales has been inhibited by the hordes of competitors, Apple, Tandy and Compaq have seen sales, earnings or stock prices surge in recent weeks.

It was not long ago that such a resurgence seemed improbable. In June 1985 Apple laid off 1,200 of its 5,500 workers (the company has since expanded to a work force of 6,500). Retail computer stores suffered a shake-out that forced an estimated 1,600 of them out of business by 1986. California's famed Silicon Valley suddenly felt more like Death Valley to some of its denizens. The problem: most Americans felt no



Sculley and the Macintosh II

need to spend hundreds of dollars to install computers in their homes, and chief executives of FORTUNE 500 companies began insisting that underlings make better use of the plethora of machines they had already purchased. "They bought too much and ended up with indigestion," explains Esther Dyson, an industry consultant. "Now they've digested lunch and are getting ready for supper."

What has helped improve customers' appetites is the diversity of new products available. The most exciting ingredient, which will be the heart of 50 different computer models by year's end, is a \$235 piece of silicon known as the 80386 microchip. It is this flat, black chip—smaller than a matchbook—that has powered the biggest advance in computer technology in recent memory. The 80386 brings to personal computers the speed and power that were once available only in larger and much more expensive minicomputers. IBM, Compaq and Tandy have built new high-end machines around this chip.



COMPAQ

Canon and the Portable III

which is made by California-based Intel. Apple uses a Motorola-produced chip that gives its Macintosh machines comparable speed and power.

Innovations in software are also driving the demand for computers. Snazzy graphics packages now enable computer users to become publishers in their dens, churning out newsletters with bar charts and photo-like illustrations. So-called computer-aided design programs help engineers, scientists and architects design everything from sink drains to jet planes. "Customers come in and say, 'Wow, look what we can do,'" reports Tim Le Tourneau, assistant manager of a Home Computing Centers store in San Bruno, Calif.

The beauty of all the latest whizbangs is that they can be bought without taking out a second mortgage. Fierce price competition has enabled customers to pay less than they would have a few months ago, or to get a better machine for the same amount of money. Compaq's new Portable III computer, which is being pitched to executives, sells for as little as \$3,200. In February the same model sold for \$3,999. Prices on other computers that have been introduced this year are also falling. Some Houston retailers will sell an IBM Model 50, one of the machines in the Personal System 2 series, for \$2,995, down from \$3,595 in June.

IBM's announcements last week were

a strong signal that the company has no intention of surrendering the educational and home markets to cut-rate competitors. The moves were also evidence of the aggressive strategy adopted by Chairman John Akers, 52, a Yale-educated former Navy pilot who has a low tolerance for mediocre performance. Instead of allowing IBM (1986 revenues: \$51 billion) to rest on its dominant position in the market for large computers, Akers decided the company should revamp its entire product line and go after all segments of the business.

What particularly disturbed Akers and his lieutenants were the inroads being made in the office market by rival machines that can use IBM software—the so-called IBM-compatibles such as those made by Tandy and Compaq. In response, IBM decided to make its Personal System/2 computers strikingly different from its original PCs. It did the new models are more powerful and versatile. Their software, which will not run on the old machines, comes on 3.5-in. hard-diskettes instead of the 5.25-in. floppy disk that had been IBM's standard.

So far, the line looks like a smash. IBM has shipped more than 300,000 Personal System/2 models since April. United Airlines has ordered 40,000 of them for use in reservation centers. The Travelers insurance company plans to buy 2,000 this year, and more in 1988. Says Travelers Senior Vice President Joseph Brophy: "We have a lot of sophisticated, computer-hungry workers who can't wait." Some customers are holding back, though, because a more advanced version will be available next year. Meanwhile, competitors will scurry to develop models that will be fully compatible.

Compaq President Rod Canon, 42, seems ready for the challenge. Only 4½ years ago Canon, a former Texas Instruments engineer, joined two associates to found Compaq. He led the company to quick success by bringing out compact, top-performing IBM-compatible machines at competitive prices and by cultivating a loyal network of dealers. Today the company (1986 revenues: \$625 million) is enjoying its second year in the FORTUNE 500 (ranking: No. 409). Its \$51 million in profits for the first six months of 1987 represents a 185% gain over the year earlier.

Tandy (1986 revenues: \$3.3 billion) has become the king of the retail market by selling computers through its chain of 4,798 Radio Shack stores in all 50 states. Tandy Chairman Roach, 48, an outgoing Texan, makes unexpected visits to about 200 stores a year, helping ensure that Radio Shack employees offer courteous and knowledgeable service. Roach's latest mission is to keep business customers happy with ma-

chines like the new \$2,599 Tandy 4000, while he pumps up efforts in the educational market.

While IBM, Compaq and Tandy fight it out in the IBM-compatible marketplace, Apple (1986 revenues: \$2 billion) continues to thrive by going its own way with machines that run on different software. The company's products have long been favored by educators and hobbyists, but now more corporate customers are taking a shine to the newest machines at the core of Apple's line: the Macintosh SE and the Macintosh II. Many executives have decided that Apple's machines are more user friendly than comparable IBM models. Apple's success in the office market is largely the work of Chairman John Sculley, 48, the hard-driving ex-Pepsi-Cola president. At first, his strategy of going after sales at major corporations created a legion of skeptics. But now Sculley, who wrested control of Apple in September 1985 from Co-Founder Steve Jobs, can afford to feel vindicated. Partly on the strength of burgeoning corporate sales, the company, based in Cupertino, Calif., posted second-quarter revenues of \$637 million, an increase of 42% over the same period a year earlier. Only a year ago numbers like that would have seemed un-



Akers and the PS/2 Model 25

imaginable. In fact, doubts were rising about whether upstarts like Apple could survive in the rough-and-tumble business. But now that sales are on an upswing again, there seems to be room for several major competitors. Says Stewart Alsop, editor and publisher of the California-based *P.C. Letter*: "I don't think the personal-computer industry is mature. It's a very young business." Indeed, at the tender age of ten, the industry still has plenty of growing to do. —By Gordon Bock.

Reported by Thomas McCarroll/New York and Charles Pelton/San Francisco

Shortening the Tether on Bankers

Congress halts, at least for now, the march to deregulation

Ronald Reagan's dream of carrying out a sweeping deregulation of the U.S. economy has stirred a powerful backlash on Capitol Hill. Never has that been more apparent than last week, when Congress passed its first comprehensive piece of banking legislation since 1982. The White House had hoped the bill would remove many of the governmental shackles that inhibit competition between banks, securities firms and other institutions in the burgeoning field of financial services. In fact, it does just the opposite.

The new legislation reinforces restrictions

on the financial industry and adds some new regulatory safeguards to protect the rights of the consumer. The bill also strengthens the Government's role in lifting the struggling savings and loan industry out of its troubles. Said New York Democrat Charles Schumer, a member of the House Banking Committee: "There is one major message in this bill—the rapid roll toward deregulation has ceased."

Despite his reservations about many of the provisions, the President is expected to sign the bill into law soon. At one point the White House threatened to veto the legislation, but the Administration realized that a rescue of the savings and loan business could no longer be postponed. The White House agreed to put aside its demands for banking deregulation in exchange for passage by Congress of a \$10.8 billion bailout for the S and Ls.



That money will go to the embattled Federal Savings and Loan Insurance Cor-

poration. Last year, as the FSLIC drained its coffers to prop up ailing S and Ls, the agency wound up with a \$6.3 billion deficit. At the moment, 460 thrift institutions, primarily in the depressed Southwest, are insolvent. Some industry experts estimate that the FSLIC's liabilities could ultimately reach \$40 billion.

The \$10.8 billion rescue package is the first step toward paying that bill. The funds will not come directly from the Treasury but will be raised through the issuance of special Government bonds. Interest on those bonds will be paid with additional insurance premiums that the FSLIC will levy on the savings and loans.

Intervals will be further reduced, to one and four days respectively.

Another consumer-protection measure in the banking bill involves adjustable-rate mortgages and other home loans. On these loans, the interest charged can go up and down along with the general level of interest rates in the economy. The new law requires that banks put a cap on how high the rate can rise. Lenders can choose whatever upper limit they want, as long as the customer knows in advance what it is. This regulation could be helpful to borrowers who are taking out increasingly popular home-equity loans. Many such customers may not realize that they could lose their houses if they are unable to keep up with their payments.

The legislation will halt, at least for now, moves by banks to diversify into several new areas. Though existing law tries to draw a distinct line between banking and other forms of commerce, loopholes have allowed banks to dabble in real estate and insurance, and many institutions want to start underwriting securities. Unsure how to react, Congress decided to prohibit banks from starting new ventures in these fields until next March. By that time, the lawmakers will have had more opportunity to consider whether to make the ban permanent.

In fairness, Congress decided to give the banks new protection from invasions of their turf by outsiders. Present law roughly defines a bank as an institution that makes commercial loans to businesses and offers checking accounts or other so-called demand deposits. But in recent years, many companies, such as Sears and Merrill Lynch, have established quasi banks that either make commercial loans or take deposits, but not both. Because they are not technically banks, these companies avoid many Government regulations, including the restrictions against interstate banking. As of last March, there were 168 of these entities, which have come to be known as nonbank banks. The banking bill bars the creation of new nonbank banks and, beginning a year from now, will put a 7% annual growth limit on those already in existence.

Many banks would not mind the competition if they were given freedom to diversify. In that respect, the industry was sorely disappointed with the bill. Says Marcia Sullivan, senior legislative counsel of the Consumer Bankers Association: "We are hoping that we have not seen the end of deregulation." Opponents of deregulation point out that the easing of restrictions on S and Ls in the early 1980s, which allowed them to venture into commercial loans and other new investments, was what got many of the thrift institutions into trouble. In the future, Congress will continue to face the challenge of how to enhance competition in banking without threatening the safety of the financial system.

—By Richard Hornik, Washington

How to Become Arnold Palmer

High-tech golf clubs for duffers

Golfers, like inept mechanics, are quick to blame their tools. If their tee shots wander or their putts fall short, they are more likely to lay out \$900 for new equipment than to practice or seek instruction. This faith in technology—and in throwing money at a problem—has brought thousands of duffers and millions of dollars to an eccentric California clubmaker named Clovis ("Duke") Duclos.

A former aerospace engineer, Duclos (pronounced doo-cloh), 53, is one of the most successful new entrepreneurs in the fast-growing field of high-tech golf clubs—sticks designed to compensate for poor swings. His putters, irons and metal woods are specially weighted to help golfers keep their shots on line. Demonstrating with a five iron at a course down the coast from his oceanfront home in Long Beach, the 6-ft. 3-in. Duclos jokes that "if you can't hit it straight with these clubs, you need a physical." Apparently, many golfers believe his pitch. Duclos's fledgling Huntington Beach-based company, Slotline Golf, doubled its annual sales to \$8 million in 1986 and expects to do twice as well this year.

The design of Slotline's "inertial weighted" clubs was inspired in part by the work of Karsten Solheim, the entrepreneur who developed the well-known Ping putter in the 1960s. Solheim found that if a putter's club face is heavily weighted in the heel and toe but light in the center, putts tend to go straighter. Even if the ball is not hit in the center of the club, the putter usually does not twist much. Duclos has taken Solheim's idea a logical step further. In Slotline's Big Moment putter, the weight difference between the tips of the club and its center is twice as great as the differential in Ping



Duclos and his putter at St. Andrews

His sticks compensate for poor swings.

putters. Slotline putters cost about \$60 to \$79, compared with \$40 to \$75 for Ping clubs and \$30 to \$50 for a traditional-style model.

Making golf clubs was a radical departure for Duclos, who spent 15 years as a McDonnell Douglas engineer, working on the Saturn rocket and Skylab programs. Golf was his passion, and he became convinced that "clubs really weren't designed to take full advantage of the principles of physics." In 1975 Duclos took a leave from his job and began to experiment with club improvements in his home workshop. He first invented a putter with a slot and a white line in the center that helped golfers position their eyes directly above the ball. To finance the manufacture of this "slotline" club, Duclos took out a \$30,000 second mortgage on his home. His initial designs did not catch on, and the early years were lean.

Unwilling to give up his new ambition and go back to engineering, Duclos helped support himself for a while by playing blackjack in Nevada.

Slotline finally took off in 1982, when Duclos came out with his exaggerated version of the heel-and-toe-weighted putter. Duclos claimed he had measured his putter's superior performance and ran newspaper ads under the headline PUTT 2.5 TIMES BETTER. Since then Slotline has sold more than 400,000 putters. Last year the company introduced heel-and-toe-weighted irons and sold 12,000 sets in 15 months; 6,000 sets of its new metal woods were sold in seven months. In June, Slotline began construction of a new factory in St. Andrews, Scotland, the cradle of golf. The plant will be able to ship clubs tariff-free to the big European market.

Despite the growth of his business, Duclos spends enough time on the fairways to keep his handicap at a respectable 6. Besides the Long Beach home, Duclos and his wife Mollie own a vacation cottage near the famed Old Course at St. Andrews. Off the links, he relaxes by playing Beethoven and Mozart on a Kawai grand piano, accompanied by a \$17,000 Kurzweil synthesizer that can replicate the sound of a symphony orchestra.

Golf purists sneer at the clunky look and feel of Slotline clubs, but a few pros have become converts. Slotline putters have helped Arnold Palmer and Billy Casper win tournaments on the senior tour, and Kathy Baker used one in her victory at the 1985 U.S. Women's Open. But most of Slotline's customers have much more modest goals. Thom Smith, 42, a tax lawyer in Fairfax, Va., says he chopped his handicap from 19 to 13 after he began playing with a set of Slotline irons. "I don't get to practice much," he says, "so I need more forgiving clubs." Forgiveness, though, came at a price: \$468 to Duke Duclos, the merchant of high-tech golf.

—By Dan Goodgame/
Huntington Beach

Clip-On Clocks Are Clicking

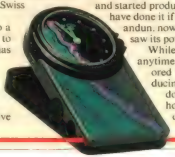
Just a decade ago, Switzerland seemed doomed to lose its place as the superpower of time. Tokyo was ticking ahead with inexpensive wristwatches that captured a larger and larger share of the market. But in 1983 the jazzy and fashionable Swatch, which sells for \$30, buzzed into markets from Singapore to San Francisco and rescued the Swiss industry in the nick of time. Now Swatch has a new Swiss competitor clipping at its heels.

Le Clip, a quartz fashion watch set into a clothespin-like plastic clip that is designed to be worn almost anywhere except the wrist, has captured markets in 20 countries. The clip sells at about the same price as a Swatch and comes in 60 models, with such names as Tutti Frutti and Panther. Following the European debut of Le Clip in mid-1986, retailers sold more than 1 million within twelve

months. The watch has now traveled to the U.S., where the manufacturer aims to sell a total of 750,000 within a year. Le Clip is hottest in California, where the trendsetting teenagers of the San Fernando Valley have made it the accessory of the moment.

Le Clip is the brainchild of Michel Jordi, 39, a former manufacturer of watch straps from tiny Grenchen, Switzerland. He and Heinz Peter Barandun, a former bank executive, along with two others, privately financed the project and started production only six months later. "We couldn't have done it if we had been a large company," says Barandun, now Le Clip chairman. "As a small group, we saw its potential and just went ahead."

While Le Clip is not likely to overtake Swatch anytime soon, the watch has already been honored by knockoff artists. Three factories producing Le Clip copies were recently closed down in Hong Kong. Company officials hope the half a million fakes in a crown collar never see the light of day.



Business Notes



Employee benefits: IRS colleagues rally round William Ault



Advertising: the matador's suit of lights was greeted with jeers

TELEPHONES

Reach Out and Rake It In

The telephone titan, AT&T, was blessed last week with the prospect of a regulatory windfall. The Federal Communications Commission proposed scrapping the system of controlling AT&T's profit margins, which the agency has done for more than two decades as a means of limiting long-distance prices. Instead, the FCC aims to protect consumers by another method: setting price caps, which would freeze long-distance rates at current levels but could adjust them upward to account for inflation and other factors. AT&T rejoiced at the decision, which Wall Street analysts say could allow the company's profits to jump by an estimated 50% by 1990. But consumer advocates blasted the proposal and claimed it would bring an end to the slide in AT&T's long-distance prices, which have fallen some 34% since the company's divestiture in 1984.

ADVERTISING

Bullfight Fans Are Seeing Red

The scene at the bullring in Plascencia, Spain, was like a page from a Hemingway novel—almost. A chorus of “Olé! Olé!” greeted Matador Luis

Reina as he stepped into the arena last week bedecked in his sky-blue, gold-embroidered suit of lights. But the cheers turned to jeers when the crowd noticed the letters A-K-A-I in red silk running down his sleeves and pant legs. For the first time, a matador had sold space on his costume for advertising. The Japanese electronics firm (the name translates as “red” in Japanese) is paying the 29-year-old, second-class matador about \$16,000 every time he enters the ring in his logo-embellished outfit. That is roughly ten times as much as his pay for bullfighting alone.

AIRLINES

May I Twist Your Arm, Sir?

Travelers who plan to pass through Denver's Stapleton Airport any time soon should be prepared for an unusual encounter with ticket agents who come on like ambitious Dale Carnegie graduates. At Stapleton, where United and Continental are locked in one of the fiercest airline battles in the U.S., United is engaged in an all-out campaign to win friends and influence people to switch over from its rival's flights. In one United tactic, eager agents side up to unwary travelers as they pass through the terminal and lure them onto United flights with such promised incentives as earlier arrival times, better tasting

food and superior service. Another strategy is to check computer listings for United customers who plan to change planes at the Denver hub for a Continental flight; those passengers are paged to the United counter and presented with the soft sell.

The politely arm-twisting United employees, whose campaign is limited so far to Denver's airport, wear green-and-white lapel pins bearing the acronym TORQUE, which stands for “Try Our Real Quality United Experience.” But on the hidden backside of the pin is a more provocative symbol. It depicts a jet, similar to those in Continental's fleet, with a large screw embedded in its gold-painted tail.

EMPLOYEE BENEFITS

Giving a Buddy Your Break

Would you be willing to give up some of your vacation time or sick leave so that it could be used by a co-worker? When employees at the Internal Revenue Service's Cincinnati office read in an office memo a proposal to do just that a few weeks ago, their response was generous indeed. By last week 291 employees had donated 813 days of their sick leave and 92 days of vacation time to a co-worker. William Ault, 28, an IRS examiner who has leukemia

Ault is one of three Gov-

ernment employees who were chosen as beneficiaries of a demonstration program in which workers can donate time off to colleagues who have lengthy illnesses or who need to stay home to care for stricken relatives. Last week Congress held hearings to discuss expanding the program. Its success so far may inspire businesses to try out the novel charity, which would impart a new meaning to the phrase “I gave at the office.”

SHIPPING

Lighter Fluid Not Required

It nearly became Southern California's largest and most dangerous charcoal grill. When the cargo vessel *Fort Providence* sailed into port near Los Angeles, area residents were alarmed to hear that the ship was carrying 54,000 tons of coal close to igniting. Under way from Baton Rouge, La., to Taiwan, the coal began heating up, and its temperature reached 169° F.

Officials last week began what they saw as the only solution: unload the cargo and spread it out over 1½ acres to cool. Experts attribute the incendiary quality of the *Fort Providence* cargo to Louisiana's hot climate and to moist air pockets trapped in the load that kept the coal from cooling. Total cost of snuffing out the near barbecue: \$800,000.



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Press



How Not to Silence a Spy

Banned in Britain, an agent's memoirs become big-selling news

Spycatcher, the autobiography of Peter Wright, former assistant director of Britain's counterintelligence agency, is not the stuff of a runaway best seller. The writing is pedestrian, and many of Wright's revelations about the inner workings of MI5, although sensational, have been made elsewhere. But a 23-month campaign by Margaret Thatcher's government to ban the book and any reports about its contents in Britain and the Commonwealth has turned the book into an international publishing phenomenon. It has also sparked a showdown between a defiant Fleet Street and a stubborn Prime Minister over Britain's press and secrecy laws.

Seven of Britain's 20 major newspapers have violated the ban. In the U.S., where the book was published by Viking Penguin last month, *Spycatcher* is in its fifth printing; it has already sold 210,000 copies, and next week will rank first on the New York *Times* best-sellers list. Thousands of copies have crossed the Atlantic, two entrepreneurs were spotted hawking copies of the book for \$158 beneath a statue of Winston Churchill, across from Parliament. Last Sunday Labor M.P. Tony Benn read aloud from *Spycatcher* before a large crowd of journalists and onlookers at Hyde Park's historic Speakers' Corner.

The furor underscores the conflict between Britain's

shaky tradition of press rights and stolid tradition of government secrecy. In mid-1986 two British papers reported that Wright, who signed the standard life pledge not to reveal official secrets, had prepared a manuscript disclosing, among other things, that a group of MI5 agents had conspired in 1974 to topple the Labor government of Prime Minister Harold Wilson. Wright also speculated that a former MI5 director general, the late Sir Roger Hollis, was a Soviet mole. In the U.S., such charges might have produced a riot of headlines and calls for congressional hearings. But in Britain, the Thatcher

government quickly won a court order barring the press from even discussing Wright's disclosures. It also filed suit in Australia, where Wright is living in retirement, to prevent publication of the book there.

As the case wended its way through Australia's courts—the Thatcher government lost the first round but has appealed—several British papers mounted a legal challenge. After U.S. editions of *Spycatcher* began filtering into Britain this summer, a high-court judge lifted the ban on reporting details from the book. But in late July, the Law Lords, Britain's highest court, once again barred accounts of Wright's charges.

Fleet Street reacted with derision. The *Daily Mirror* published upside-down photos of the three Law Lords who sided with the government above the caption YOU FOOLS. British editions of *The Economist* ran an otherwise blank page with a box explaining that a review of *Spycatcher* was appearing in all 170 countries where the magazine has subscribers, except one. "For our 420,000 readers there," the editors wrote, paraphrasing Mr. Bumble in *Oliver Twist*, "this page is blank—and the law is an ass."

The Thatcher government insists that it has a moral duty to try to prevent Wright from setting a dangerous precedent. "It has nothing to do with freedom of speech," says a senior official, "but everything to do with the notion that if you're a secret agent, you bloody well stay secret." Still, it is one thing to stop an agent from violating his vow of secrecy and quite another to try to bar reporting about allegations that are now public. "To fail to distinguish between Mr. Wright's obligations to the government and the press's right to publish seems like a very serious mistake to me," says

Sunday *Times* Editor Andrew Neil.

According to Neil, his paper plans to appeal the Law Lords' ruling to the European Court of Human Rights, whose decisions are respected by the British government. Although there is no British bill of rights that guarantees press freedom, Article 10 of the European Convention on Human Rights does. Meanwhile, British newspapers continue to defy the ban. Last week *News on Sunday* published an excerpt from *Spycatcher* and was notified that it will be charged with "criminal contempt." Says Editor Brian Whitaker: "In the past, it's been necessary to break the law to defend free speech."

—By Laurence Zuckerman. Reported by Paul Hoffner/London and Naushad S. Mehta/New York

A Legend in His Times

He first joined the New York *Times* in 1939, and has stayed with the paper ever since. As Washington bureau chief and columnist in the 1950s, he pioneered a thoughtful style of reporting that established him as one of the most distinguished journalists of his era. Last week James ("Scotty") Reston filed the last of the regular columns he has written since 1953: "I concluded a little while ago that a man can stick in the

trench too long," he wrote.

A consummate gentleman, Reston, 77, has survived the shark-infested waters of Washington with virtually no enemies and scores of admirers. Though criticized in recent years for losing his bite, he makes no apologies. "After more than 50 years," he wrote, "I remain an up-to-date, stick-



Retiring optimist

in-the-mud optimist." *Times* Publisher Arthur Ochs Sulzberger says Reston will not be replaced on the op-ed page. He will contribute some columns and concentrate on his memoirs, which he says will be a "long love letter to America."

Education

Are Student Heads Full of Emptiness?

Two scholarly authors have beach-time best sellers that blast U.S. education

Allan What? and E.D. Who? Educators are bemused, booksellers astonished. No wonder. Two professor-authors, Allan Bloom of the University of Chicago and E.D. Hirsch Jr. of the University of Virginia, are leaders on the best-seller lists, even though their tomes would not seem the stuff of mass browsing in the summer sun.

Yet there they are. Bloom's *The Closing of the American Mind*, with the daunting subtitle *How Higher Education Has Failed Democracy and Impoverished the Souls of Today's Students*, has 250,000 copies in print and tops the New York Times nonfiction list, where it has been for 15 straight weeks. It is also No. 1 in Chicago, Los Angeles and Boston. Hirsch's *Cultural Literacy* ranks No. 3 after ten weeks on the Times list, with 155,000 books issued.

Bloom, 56, a genial philosopher, professes himself to be "absolutely astounded" at the impact of a work that he thought might have 5,000 or 6,000 buyers, "75% of whom I know." But somehow Bloom's gloomy tract (Simon & Schuster; \$18.95) and Hirsch's book as well (Houghton Mifflin; \$16.95) seem to be full of things a lot of people care about. Bloom's principal message: American universities, capitulating to 1960s activists, abandoned sound liberal arts teaching for trendy, "relevant" studies in which all ideas have equal value. Bloom deprecates this surrender to "cultural relativism," which he considers a flawed derivative of Nietzsche's nihilism. Under its influence, higher education has failed to keep the flame of true learning or guide today's students, many of whom appear to Bloom to be sex-ridden money-grubbers marching to the beat of rock music ("commercially prepackaged masturbational fantasy," says the professor). The only sure way back, he claims, is to re-establish the disciplines of the liberal arts, with the classic philosophers and European savants at the heart of the curriculum.

Hirsch, 59, a professor of English, aims his blast at academe from a slightly

different sniper's perch. He charges that schools have given up teaching the unifying facts, values and writings of Western culture, creating a generation of cultural illiterates. As evidence he cites a 1985 study by the National Assessment of Educational Progress. Among other lacunae, it found that two-thirds of the high schoolers surveyed did not know when the Civil War was fought, and half could not

list. Houghton Mifflin promises more where it came from, i.e., a dictionary of cultural terms and perhaps an electronic game to test cultural literacy.

Ultimately, Hirsch would like to see a Western thought-centered curriculum prescribed for the nation's schools. His stated concern is that "all kids should have access to cultural literacy, not just an elite few." He is particularly worried about disadvantaged students, who, he says, are not likely to get such training at home and, without careful teaching in school, may miss the opportunity of being absorbed into society's mainstream.

While praise in academe has hardly been unanimous for Bloom and Hirsch, the two have got raves from some powerful and diverse educators. Secretary of Education William Bennett, a staunch conservative who has beaten the Western drum while beating up on the colleges for the same perceived derelictions as Bloom denounced, calls the Chicago philosopher's work a "brilliant book, a phenomenon" that "points out where higher education has gone wrong and what we need to fix it." Bennett says, "Too many schools ignore the great minds and instead try to teach kids how to make a living."

Bennett has some markedly ecumenical company, including Carnegie Foundation President Ernest Boyer, a liberal. Boyer's 1986 book *College: The Undergraduate Experience in America* takes higher education to task for disjointed careerist study programs, confusion over goals and lack of a liberal arts core curriculum. Albert Shanker, president of the American Federation of Teachers, declares himself a Hirsch fan. "Education holds our society together only as long as what is taught has value and is important," he says. "You can't teach reading with comic books and rock-star magazines and expect kids to be educated."

Bill Honig, California's superintendent of public instruction, concurs. "We need to have that cultural understanding," he says. "There should be agreement—whether in Portland, Ore., or



identify Winston Churchill. "One's literacy depends upon the breadth of one's acquaintance with a national culture," Hirsch writes.

Hirsch's villain is Educational Philosopher John Dewey, who, in his landmark 1915 treatise *Schools of Tomorrow*, espoused the learning of skills rather than information. The long-range result, says Hirsch, is that children can now decode words but lack the understanding to put what they read into broad, insightful context. The Hirsch antidote: heavy doses of Western cultural lore, as represented by a list of nearly 5,000 entries in an appendix labeled "What Literate Americans Know," ranging from A ("act of God") to Z ("Zeitgeist"), and including "1066" and "White Christmas (song)." Knowing at least a commercial idea when it sees one, namely the untrivial sales impact of the

Portland, Me.—that you're going to learn something about freedom and justice." And John Silber, iconoclastic president of Boston University, declares that "Bloom and Hirsch are on the best-seller list because people around the country are just starving for this."

The authors think they know who their hungry readers are. Hirsch claims approval both from elders for his calling up of "what education used to be," and from those in their 20s who favor the book because they believe they have been shortchanged. Bloom reports that interest in his book "seems to come from parents who have lived for so long with the formulas and bromides from the '60s about how you educate your children. It somehow played upon a parental concern that hadn't found a voice." Bloom also feels that he, like Hirsch, has aroused the concern of disaffected students. One editor of a major college newspaper recently told him, "We all felt we had been robbed of our educations, but we didn't know how to articulate it."

The books' publishers, while dutifully crediting the quality of their authors' insights, acknowledge some plain marketing luck. "It's a cyclical thing," says Robert Asahina, Bloom's editor. "It started [in 1955] with *Why Johnny Can't Read*, and we just hit it right on the nose with this book, totally accidentally, of course."

The reaction to the books in much of academic has been chilly. Harvard President Derek Bok slapped at Bloom and other education gadflies in a recent speech, observing, "When times are bad, the public will look for scapegoats, and education is often an attractive candidate." Others, like University of Virginia philosopher Richard Rorty, respect Bloom's learning but take issue with what they see as his intellectual bias. "Bloom says that anyone who doesn't see the world as Plato sees it just doesn't know what's going on. It's very fundamentalist in that these people called the 'philosophers' take the place of the 'saved,' and if you haven't had the experience of reading Plato, then it's as if you weren't born again." Warning to the task, Rorty adds sardonically, "Everyone knows that the real people that matter are dead Greeks and Germans." Bloom, he concludes, "doesn't really believe that America exists as an intellectual culture. He writes as if we were completely at the mercy of bright Europeans occasionally washing up on these shores and telling us where the ideas came from."

Mortimer Adler, educational philosopher and publisher of the *Great Books* se-

ries, pronounces the new volumes "silly." Says he: "Schools are bad. We didn't need the Bloom book to find that out. Everything Bloom complains about is what [the late Chicago University President Robert] Hutchins and I talked about in the '30s." As for Hirsch's work, he says, "that book is a best seller because people play it the way they play Trivial Pursuit." Wayne Booth, a Chicago English professor who attended a meeting of 60 high school and college English teachers, reports they are concerned, "What scares all of them is that both books will be taken by the wrong handle, that the list at the back of Hirsch's book will be taken as something to be taught directly. It's an absurd reduction of the problem."

Among the more even voices in the debate is that of Saul Cooperman, New Jersey's commissioner of education. He agrees that standards of learning must be set—



provided the standards are broad enough to embrace the entire world. "How can we get into the mind of Islamic fundamentalism," he asks, "unless we know what Islam is? We had better learn about people like Saladin, that he wasn't just some jerk riding a camel. With the world getting smaller, we can't just sit here saying 'My country right or wrong.' Hirsch denies any jingoism or other implications of conservatism in his educational agenda. "This is not a conservative issue," he says. "This is a liberal idea." Bloom too denies any conservative bias, or Western bias for that matter. "Actually the book goes right up the center," he claims, "touching on the concerns of all rational Americans."

Along with quarrels on ideology, perhaps the most intense objections to Bloom's and Hirsch's doctrines come from educators who feel that many of the ideas are out

of touch with countrywide classroom realities. Says Ralph Cusick, principal of Chicago's 3,900-pupil, predominantly Hispanic Schurz High School: "What people lose sight of is that we've got to educate everybody—even the 35 IQs—and we've got them in school." Last year Schurz also had more than 20 student suicide attempts, with only one counselor to help every 400 youngsters—not atypical of big-city schools around the country. The trouble begins before school does, says Cusick. Children come into kindergarten "not knowing colors or letters. You walk into houses, the radio is blasting, the TV is blasting, and babies are crawling on the floor. I really think a lot of the answers are in early childhood." He finishes his list of ills with the failure of communities and the nation to train and reward good teachers properly. "We don't want to pay or respect them," he says. Hence, "we're not attracting the teachers we should."

The best sellers are criticized as well for urging a set of educational values that fail to take into account the pluralism and vast inequities in the U.S. educational system. Bloom, for example, harshly criticizes American universities for allegedly lowering standards to admit black students. And he objects to specialized courses like black studies, which he calls a "form of segregation." Such opinions have led many black educators to take him to task. Kenneth Tollett, professor of higher education at Howard University, accuses Bloom of "monumental insensitivity" toward blacks. They face great cultural barriers on white campuses, Tollett points out. "Special efforts are needed to help students overcome this culture shock."

The number of fault-finding responses have satisfied the authors as much—well, almost—as the number of readers. Bloom notes that his purpose was never to offer a full range of solutions but rather to raise questions and, perhaps too, the level of debate. That, both of them have done, along with some hackles. And while some educators concede, however grudgingly, that the bottom line on both books is their extraordinary ability to engage the nation in a renewed dialogue on education, others say the very popularity of the books is the most powerful argument against their theses. For where but in a well-educated country would so many people turn in the heat of summer from the usual pop reading fare of sex, scandal and psychiatry to immerse themselves in two tomes about education?

—By Ezra Bowen, Reported by Lawrence Malkin/Boston and Elizabeth Taylor/Chicago

Video

Edging the Government Out of TV

To foster diversity, the FCC drops its "fairness doctrine"

Does TV always have to be fair? And if so, who decides what fairness is?

The Meredith Corp. never dreamed that the issue would become a major problem when its station WTVH in Syracuse broadcast some ads in favor of a nuclear power station in 1982. But the Syracuse Peace Council charged that the company had violated the Federal Communications Commission's "fairness doctrine" by failing to broadcast any material opposing the nuclear plant. The FCC, which receives thousands of such complaints every year (and generally does not act on them), somewhat reluctantly decided that Meredith had indeed broken the rules. But Meredith went to court, arguing that the 38-year-old FCC rule violated the First Amendment ban on any law abridging freedom of speech and press. A Federal Court of Appeals ordered the FCC to reconsider that constitutional issue. Last week the FCC responded by junking the fairness doctrine entirely.

Far from encouraging the free discussion of public issues, the FCC argued, Government regulation had a "chilling" effect on TV. Said FCC Chairman Dennis R. Patrick: "We seek to extend to the electronic press the same First Amendment guarantees that the print media have en-



Hollings: commission action was "misguided and illogical"

joyed since our country's inception." Or as Meredith's attorney, Floyd Abrams, put it: "This is the beginning of the end of government control over the content of what appears on television."

Well, not quite. Still in effect are the equal-time rule, which requires broadcasters to provide equal time to competing candidates for public office, and a provision obliging stations to cover issues of importance to the local community. So what will actually change? At larger stations, probably very little. Says Dennis Fitz-Simons, general manager of Chicago's independent WGN-TV: "Our policy has al-

ways been to air opposing views and to be fair." But smaller stations may be a different matter. For instance, under the old rule, says Robert L. Foss of the Florida Association of Broadcasters, many small operators hesitated to air editorials.

When regulation began in the 1920s, the airwaves seemed limited, but today the U.S. has 10,128 radio stations and 1,611 TV stations (compared with 1,657 daily newspapers). The power of the unfettered marketplace is not an unmixed blessing, however. Says Ben H. Bagdikian, dean of the graduate school of journalism at the University of California, Berkeley: "I don't think there will be a significant increase in public affairs on TV because it's much more profitable to do other things."

If this prediction proves correct, nobody will be quicker to sound the alarm than Congress. Both Houses passed legislation earlier this year to "codify" the fairness doctrine, but President Reagan vetoed it as "antagonistic to the freedom of expression." Congressional backers of the doctrine are preparing to try again, and one of them, Democratic Senator Ernest F. Hollings of South Carolina, denounced last week's FCC action as "wrongheaded, misguided and illogical." They face an uphill battle, though, against both the Administration and the press. As the Washington Post pointedly editorialized, "The FCC has done the right thing, and Congress should take no action to overturn its decision."

—By Otto Friedrich.
Reported by Elaine Shannon/Washington, with other bureaus

Milestones

MARRIAGE REVEALED. Of David Byrne, 35, composer-singer for the rock group Talking Heads and sometime actor-director (*True Stories*); and **Adelle** ("Bonny") **Lutz**, 38, costume designer, actress and his companion of five years; both for the first time: on July 18; in Paris.

SEPARATED. **Mary Beth Whitehead**, 30, surrogate mother who is appealing the March decision by a New Jersey court that stripped her of all parental rights to her biological child Baby M.; and **Richard Whitehead**, 37; after 14 years of marriage, two children; in Brick Township, N.J. Her lawyer said the couple's current problems stemmed from stress brought on by the case.

HOSPITALIZED. **Matthew Broderick**, 25, dimple-faced actor (*Ferris Bueller's Day Off*, *WarGames*): with a broken leg; in Belfast. The car that Broderick was driving collided with another auto near Enniskillen, killing two local women.

HOSPITALIZED. **Edward I. Koch**, 62, mayor of New York City since 1978; after suffering dizziness, nausea and a slight slurring of speech, which doctors called a "trivial stroke"; in New York City. Complete recovery is predicted.

DIED. **Jesse Unruh**, 64, Democrat and speaker of the California assembly from 1961 to 1968 who modernized that body and wielded considerable national influence, especially as an early backer of Presidential Candidate John F. Kennedy; of prostate cancer; in Marina del Rey, Calif. The Texas-reared Unruh, once known as Big Daddy (he weighed as much as 290 lbs.), lost his only bid for the governorship in 1970, when he failed to unseat Ronald Reagan.

DIED. **Camille Chamoun**, 87, President of Lebanon from 1952 to 1958 and Finance Minister in the current inoperative government headed by Amin Gemayel; of a heart attack; in Beirut. A Maronite Catholic

warrior, he had survived four assassination attempts, the most recent in January. In 1958, at Chamoun's request, Dwight Eisenhower sent 5,000 U.S. troops to Lebanon to help quell a Muslim uprising.

DIED. **Ira Clarence Esker**, 91, Army general who was commander of the U.S. air forces in Britain during World War II; at Andrews Air Force Base in Maryland. He was a guiding influence in establishing the Air Force as a separate service branch in 1947.

DIED. **Pola Negri**, 92, tempestuous, raven-haired star of silent films who had much publicized love affairs with Charlie Chaplin and Rudolph Valentino and popularized such trends as painted toenails, turbans and high boots; in San Antonio. Born Barbara Apollonia Chaloupie in Poland, Negri usually played the vamp in a film career that included *Bella Donna* (1923), *The Cheat* (1923) and *Forbidden Paradise* (1924).

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Sport

Heroism, Hugs and Laughter

Special games for courageous spirits and generous hearts

It was hot, the hot kind of hot Indiana hot weather that sends the family dog scrooching under the pickup truck to enjoy the shade. But in South Bend, on the Notre Dame and St. Mary's College campuses, heroic athletes from 70 countries were running and jumping and laughing from the sheer joy of it all. No, these were not the Pan American Games, which were to start a few days later, downstate at Indianapolis. The competitors there, everyone knew, would run faster and jump higher. But not happier: world happiness records were being set here at the Seventh International Summer Special Olympics.

At the Notre Dame gym, lean, well-conditioned gymnasts are performing difficult maneuvers on the flying rings and the parallel bars. Obviously, they are athletes. No first-time observer of this Olympics for the mentally handicapped would wonder why they are competing. At the gym's other end, however, the scene takes the first-timer farther from the familiar, with a floor exercise called "rhythmic ribbons." One by one, young women, most of them shaped by the rough hand of Down's syndrome and all of limited physical ability, walk or run slowly over a patterned course, swirling a long ribbon tied to the end of a stick. Is that all there is to it? Yes. Except that Down's people tend to be short, and short-limbed, and sometimes awkward, the newcomer reflects, and the swirling ribbon is a marvelous way for such teenagers to be graceful, to dance. Any lack of comprehension is swept away as these seven athletes stand on the victory platform to receive their medals and roses. They are so happy, so gloriously pleased to be alive, that passersby watch in astonishment. The rarity they are seeing is momentary, only a flash, but it is beauty.

Out on the not-quite-melted running track, Alice Miller, 67, of South Bend, is hard at work under the hot sun. She is a lean, quick-smiling grandmother with cottony white hair, and what she does is hug. When an athlete here finishes an event, he or she gets a hug—that's a rule, one that might be expanded to the wider world, and Alice is great at it, having practiced on four children and eleven grandchildren.

Some of the athletes are near collapse at the end of long races in the high-90s



Mary Lou Retton and Bart Conner with Special Olympians on opening day. So happy, so gloriously pleased to be alive: "You get chill bumps."

heat, and medics cool the runners down with towels soaked in ice water. But Eric Tosada, a springy 18-year-old track man from Puerto Rico, doesn't even bother to sit down after clicking off 3,000 meters in 9 min. 38 sec., a new world record for Special Olympians. (The overall world record is 7 min. 32.01 sec.) He bounces around delightedly, and comes to prideful attention when his picture is taken. Another kind of athletic accomplishment is that of George Kelsey of New Jersey, who cannot push with his arms and so maneuvers his wheelchair by reversing it and shoving it along backward, with his left toe, through the 30-meter slalom course. His face is twisted with effort, but he too is laughing with joy as he finishes.

The courage of Juan Alberto Duarte of Paraguay is incandescent. He runs every step of his 300-meter heat with a crooked, skipping swing of his legs, and twice, on nothing but determination, manages to pass the runner ahead of him. But in the end he is last, the ninth of nine. Only eight medals and awards have been prepared. The officials do not know what to do. Eunice Kennedy Shriver does, however. She hotfooted it down from the stands, gives Duarte a second hug and decrees that he get a medal for extraor-

dinary heroism. She is entitled to such expansiveness. She and her husband started a summer camp for the mentally handicapped in the backyard of their Maryland home in 1961, and this was the beginning of the Special Olympics. Eunice Shriver is said to despise public speaking, but her speech was a brief, clear moment in an overlong and somewhat celebrity-clogged opening ceremony. She spoke of the "courageous spirit and the generous heart," and then she told the 5,000 mentally handicapped athletes gathered in Notre Dame Stadium that they had earned the right to live like the rest of us, and with the rest of us.

There was a lot of courage and generosity going around. Almost everything in South Bend was done, and done well, by volunteers, among them some 1,200 members of a service group called Civitan, Community people back in Elizabeth City, N.C., held bass-fishing derbies and bowlathons and the like to help Beverly James compete. She is the tenth of twelve children—"eight of whom have finished college," her mother Penny says with pride—and her father Roscoe has Parkinson's disease. Beverly, 19, who functions at a second-grade level intellectually, is pleasant and mannerly, but she is shy. Townspeople collected enough money to send her mother and two women coaches along for support. Last Tuesday afternoon she hit her start on the button and ran a fast 8.7 50-meter dash, her personal best by 1.9 seconds, good enough for a bronze medal. Her head coach, Sandy Davis, was so choked up he couldn't talk straight.

"You get chill bumps and tears in your eyes," said Cindi McCollough, 31, a swimming coach for the Georgia team who had taken time off from work to make the trip. As she spoke, a slightly confused swimmer began to splash through a third lap of a two-lap, 50-meter freestyle race; a coach, fully clothed, dived in to bring him back. It was a funny moment, and everyone laughed. Good manners tell you, of course, that you do not laugh at a mentally handicapped person's blunder. But this, it was clear, was different. The laughter was friendly, and letting it spill out was just fine; we were all family.

By John Skow



Paraguay's Duarte, left

...they've just gone down again.

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Cinema



Rear window: Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez case a suspect in *Stakeout*

Hot Films, Unhappy Endings

Two smart thrillers get blitzed out by dumb climaxes

Endings. Writers want them to be logical. Directors want them to be spectacular. Producers want them to be re-shot. And the public does not want to hear about them—not until it has been jolted by the hoped-for surprise it paid good money to enjoy.

In the long run, most of this fuss is for nothing. If we remember anything five years later about a movie's conclusion, it is usually an image, a scrap of dialogue or a performance, not how the plot unraveled, congealed or died. Unfortunately, most movies these days are made for the very short run; their futures are often determined by the opening weekend's box-office take. And the feeling is that nothing

brings the kids in like rumors of big action along a plot line full of hairpin curves. A lot of movies with bliss-out potential are blitzed out by loud, dumb conclusions. Like *Stakeout*. Like *No Way Out*.

For *Stakeout*, Writer Jim Kauf devised a plausible, original and engaging premise. Detectives Lecce and Reimers (Richard Dreyfuss and Emilio Estevez) are a pair of laughing policemen assigned to keep watch on the home of Maria McGuire (the delicious Madeleine Stowe), former girlfriend of a psychopathic criminal (Aidan Quinn) who has lately, bloodily escaped from jail. Somehow Lecce is snookered into love with the lady he is snarking on. Disguised as a telephone re-

pairman, he insinuates himself into her pad, her bed, her heart. Dreyfuss is terrific in the role, abrupt and vulnerable: Estevez is adroit as a man comically appalled to see his partner surrendering a cop's honor to human need. And Director John Badham (*WarGames*) shows an unsuspected gift for comedy, ranging from the raunchy to the romantic, with some nice pensive side glances in between.

But then it all goes blooey with an endless, irrelevant car chase and—shades of Snidely Whiplash!—a showdown in a sawmill. Was Badham's heart really in these contortions? Or did he, like us, leave it back at Maria's place, where a smart, sweet comedy was so rudely interrupted?

The final flaw in *No Way Out* is more easily explained and ignored. Indeed, viewers who arrive at the movie five minutes late and leave five minutes early will avoid the setup and payoff for the preposterous twist that spoils this lively, intelligent remake of 1948's *The Big Clock*. A naval officer (Kevin Costner) is assigned to investigate a murder committed by his boss, the Secretary of Defense (Gene Hackman, his honest face at odds with his twisted soul), but for which the officer is the prime suspect. Costner and the victim-to-be (gorgeous Sean Young) play a romping, stomping love scene in the backseat of a limousine as if no one had ever heard about sexually communicable diseases.

Director Roger Donaldson (*Smash Palace*) knows that action of all kinds intensifies when it is staged in tight spots, and there is no tighter one for a murder suspect than the Pentagon. Why Donaldson and Writer Robert Garland chose to sacrifice sympathy for Costner's character (and their well-made movie) by giving him a second, superfluous identity is a mystery infinitely more baffling than the one they have made. —By Richard Schickel

Rock Fable or Teen Ballad?

LA BAMBA

A few Top 40 hits and a fatal plane crash. How many films can be squeezed out of this formula? O.K., *The Buddy Holly Story* and Patsy Cline's *Sweet Dreams* were good movies. But... *La Bamba*? Ritchie Valens was only 17 when he, Holly and J.P. ("Big Bopper") Richardson died in 1959. His music is surely worth remembering; his life is hardly worth dramatizing. So Writ-



Phillips as Ritchie

er-Director Luis Valdez shapes facts into fable. Valens' family is a chicano caricature; death forever stalks our shooting star; chunky Ritchie is made over into winsome Lou Diamond Phillips. Even the music (by Los Lobos) sounds thin next to the originals, with their booming bass lines. Only at a concert with Jackie Wilson and Eddie Cochran does *La Bamba* come alive as a sharp tribute to '50s rock from some sons of the pioneers. The rest of the movie plays like a 106-minute version of a teen ballad: *Donna* in the easy-listening remix.

—By Richard Corliss

Fun Couple or "Un" Couple?

NADINE

As screenwriter and director, Robert Benton loves odd couples, whether outlaws (*Bonnie and Clyde*, *Bad Company*) or in-laws (*Kramer vs. Kramer*, *Places in the Heart*). With *Nadine*, he blends the two. Vernon Hightower, who owns a bar teetering toward bankruptcy, is a congenial optimist. Nadine, his estranged wife, sees life too clearly to find much hope in it. Cute couple for a



Basinger as Nadine

caper film—maybe even a fun couple, game to turn love-hate into love-great and to con the local crooks. Well, no. As played by Jeff Bridges and Kim Basinger, they are an "un" couple: unsuitable emotionally, underdeveloped dramatically. The picture is plenty handsome, and Glenna Headly and Rip Torn have some fun as a lost lady and the meanest guy in Austin, Texas. Still, *Nadine*, an agreeable entertainment, is a disappointment from a fine filmmaker. This shaggy tale of his native state has a place in Benton's heart but not in his art. —R.C.

LIZ**SMITH**

Dr. Tom Rees
He's a medical expert at saving face

MY NBC-TV COLLEAGUE Betty Furness and I share a high mutual regard for our friend **Dr. Tom Rees**. When Betty celebrated her 50th year in show business, this gracious and good-looking woman introduced Tom in the ballroom of the Pierre Hotel and gave him credit for having helped her to continue in a demanding business where *how* you look is frequently a criterion for whether or not you work.

Years ago, Dr. Rees improved my own *face* after I had been in an auto accident that required over 100 stitches

in my face. He urged that a tiny silicone chin implant would help correct my smashed jaw. I protested I didn't want "a foreign object" under my skin, but Dr. Rees was right. And afterward, I never even knew it was there until I saw it in an X-ray.

Dr. Rees has done other good things for me through the years and not only do I admire his reputation (he wrote the two-volume authoritative textbook "Cosmetic Facial Surgery"), but I admire him personally. He gives his spare time to working for free for Fly-

ing Doctors of South Africa.

Now Tom Rees has written a book titled "More Than Just a Pretty Face: How Cosmetic Surgery Can Improve Your Looks and Your Life." I recommend this tome from Little, Brown to anybody contemplating, wishing or "window shopping" in the field.

There is so much misinformation floating around about plastic surgery, some of it downright dangerous. But you can read Rees and know you are in on the authentic lowdown.

★★★★

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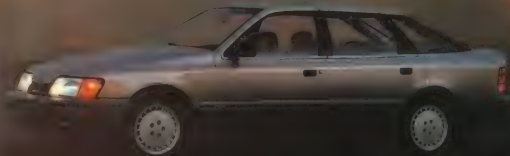
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Books

To Be or Not to Be Continued

Mystery writers cope with the public demand for sequels

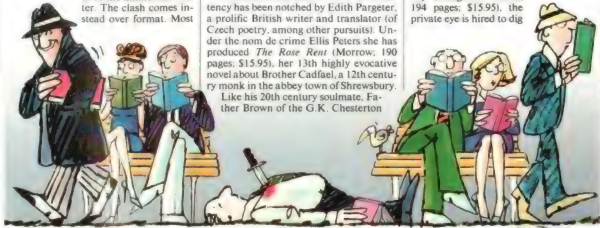
In popular myth the conflict between a writer's literary aspirations and the coarser demands of the marketplace besets only the "serious" author. Novelists who turn out the mystery, thriller, police or spy story are presumed to have long since made their peace with the printer's devil. In fact, however, the ranks of crime writers are as beleaguered as any other by the need for compromise. The battle rarely focuses on setting, which may be urban or rural, domestic or foreign, modern or ancient, or on subject matter, for which these days the rule seems to be the kinkier the better. The clash comes instead over format. Most

mysteries for more than half a century. The "ex-bobby," as he coyly calls himself, reappears in an umpteenth adventure, *Appleby and the Ospreys* (Dodd Mead; 185 pages; \$15.95), to investigate the murder of a dotty peer struck down in the library of his ancestral country pile. There is not much out of the ordinary in either the premise or the solution, but Innes' plot prestidigitation is as deft as ever, and his celebrated sense of humor is in full flood, whether sketching a social-climbing mother or recounting a literal manifestation of bats in the belfry of a parish church.

Another remarkable record of consistency has been notched by Edith Pargeter, a prolific British writer and translator (of Czech poetry, among other pursuits). Under the nom de crime Ellis Peters she has produced *The Rose Rent* (Morrow; 190 pages; \$15.95), her 13th highly evocative novel about Brother Cadfael, a 12th-century monk in the abbey town of Shrewsbury.

Like his 20th-century soulmate, Father Brown of the G.K. Chesterton

clique, one of the recurring enticements of a series is the locale. In British mysteries it tends to be an imaginary village. Among Americans, especially hard-boiled writers, it is usually an all too realistic big city. Michael Collins sets his tales about Dan Fortune, a one-armed private eye, in seedy Manhattan. *Minnesota Strip* (Fine; 253 pages; \$17.95) is named for the Tenderloin, where out-of-towners end up as hookers or worse. Collins' politically inflamed narrative is meant to point up the victimization in what are often called victimless crimes. Loren D. Estleman ranks behind Elmore Leonard in fame but not in quality as Detroit's other macho laureate. One of his series characters is a hired killer: the other a prematurely world-weary private eye made skeptical by Viet Nam and cynical by coming home. In *Lady Yesterday* (Houghton Mifflin; 194 pages; \$15.95), the private eye is hired to dig



writers seem to prefer one-shot stories, as full of catharsis as a classic tragedy, while publishers—and readers—clamor for series in which a likable, marketable character appears again and again. The series hero offers predictable pleasures, and some outstanding examples—Sherlock Holmes, Hercule Poirot, Nero Wolfe—attract faithful followers who are not otherwise fans of the mystery form. For writers, however, the series format imposes so many constraints that they may feel they are writing the same book over and over. Small wonder that Conan Doyle sent Holmes plummeting over the Reichenbach Falls: only to have to give in and magically bring him back.

By whatever means, the vast majority of crime writers reconcile themselves to return engagements. Thus despite the dangers, or at least doldrums, of repetition, series account for most of the current crop of topcrime fiction. Perhaps the most impressive cumulative performance comes from Sir John Appleby, the fictional retired head of Scotland Yard and the signature detective of Michael Innes, a.k.a. J.I.M. Stewart, 80, a retired Oxford don who has been crafting wry, sprightly, often fanciful

stories. Cadfael attractively suggests that the highest act of faith is the use of reason. Robert Barnard, whose mordantly funny one-off mysteries are as good as any currently being produced, has tended to sag in the too cute series featuring Perry Trethowan, a highborn cop. In *Cherry Blossom Corpse* (Scribners; 213 pages; \$14.95), Barnard is back at his malicious best. Perry accompanies his sister to a convention of romance novelists where, literally speaking at least, murder is the least of the crimes on display.

Martha Grimes, an American who uses village Britain as her setting and actual pub names as her titles, fell off in recent books but seems reinvigorated in her ninth, *The Five Bells and Bladebone* (Little, Brown; 299 pages; \$15.95). It blends almost Dickensian sketches of character and social class with glimpses of a ferocious marriage. For the first time in several volumes she makes effective use of her oddball detecting team: Policeman Richard Jury, a product of an orphanage, and Nobleman Melrose Plant, a snob who repudiated his lordly titles as unnecessary.

In addition to a central character or

into the pasts of two women, with bloody results. What makes the book special is the riffs about Detroit, particularly a passage set in a jazz club that traces the city's ethnic history to its music.

Ed McBain's series about struggling Criminal Lawyer Matthew Hope has a Florida backdrop and aptly reflects the go-go, money-chasing mentality of both white-collar types and lowlives in boom areas. *Puss in Boots* (Henry Holt; 248 pages; \$15.95) saddles Hope with an innocent client accused of murder who won't tell the truth because he still hopes to bring off a derailed scam. Jonathan Kellerman's detective Alex Delaware is a clinical psychologist in Southern California. In the highly literate *Over the Edge* (Atheneum; 373 pages; \$17.95), Delaware comes to the rescue of a former client, an adolescent genius who is now the apparent perpetrator of a string of savage homosexual murders. Harold Adams takes the genre back to the small-town suppressed anger of James M. Cain. *The Barbed Wire Noose* (Mysterious Press; 184 pages; \$15.95) is a thoroughly nasty and fascinating study of hatreds between three sets of fathers and sons, including Detective Carl

Books

Wilcox, a roughneck ex-con in South Dakota during the Depression.

For unlikelihood of setting the prize must go to a series debut by **TIMI**, Associate Editor J.D. Reed and his wife Christine Reed that persuasively celebrates the unsung geographical diversity in, of all places, New Jersey. *Exposure* (Soho, 242 pages, \$14.95) is also noteworthy for a new and plausible motive for multiple murder: an American soccer player's private war against the foreign stars dominating a U.S. pro-league... and for its hero, no two-fisted drinker but an alcoholic news photographer trying to beat the booze whose lady friend is not some admiring poppet but a ripe, matronly psychiatrist.

The spy novel does not lend itself so readily to sequels the plots are more apocalyptic, and even if the characters survive, their undercover effectiveness usually does not. But just as John Le Carré managed to bring back dumpy, deceptively bland George Smiley, so Brian Freemantle has managed to write six captivating novels featuring scruffy wily Charlie Muffin. He is a brilliant survivor who in his time has outwitted the Soviets, the Chinese, the CIA, the FBI, the Mafia and his own British service, which early in his debut novel set him up to be killed. In *See Charlie Run* (Bantam, 278 pages, \$15.95) Muffin is back managing a defection that almost no one wants to see succeed. Alas, it is harder to imagine a return of the investigative journalist who digs through the smoldering ashes of two-decades-old news in David Quammen's *The Soul of Viktor Franko* (Doubleday, 350 pages, \$17.95). The story is built on three staples of spy fiction: the fact that Lee Harvey Oswald spent time in the Soviet Union and must have had contact with the KGB; the inability of the CIA, whenever confronted with a Soviet defector, to know whether he is a font of information or a plant aimed at disinformation; and the too often paralyzing fear among senior spooks that a highly placed "mole" has compromised everything. Quammen traverses this established terrain with skill, deftly interweaving plots, achingly conveying the ordeal of a "hostile debriefing." A retired spymaster at the center of the story remarks that "history is the control of appearances." Quammen stirs readers to care about the truth behind the truth behind the truth.

Despite the abundance of worthy series, one proof that writers are wise to resist them is that the two best current entries in any category are one-offs. Both are from British writers better noted for their series featuring pairs of mismatched policemen. Reginald Hill, whose stories of the cops Dalziel and Pascoe verge on instant classics, writes *Death of a Dormouse* (Mysterious Press, 281 pages, \$15.95) under the pseudonym Patrick Ruell. He discerningly depicts the slow emergence from submission to self-respect of a woman who discovers after her husband's death how little she has known of his

real life. Ruth Rendell, roughly half of whose novels feature Detectives Wexford and Burden, won an Edgar this spring under the pseudonym Barbara Vine for the one-off saga of family madness *A Dark-Adapted Eye*. She may be a contender for another under her own name for *Heartstones* (Harper & Row, 80 pages, \$10.95), a medieval enameled miniature of a novella. Set in the environs of a cathedral, it etches the opposite but equally crazy ways in which two sisters react to their mother's death and their father's potential remarriage. An explicit tribute to the quasi-supernatural stories of Henry James and Joseph Sheridan Le Fanu, *Heartstones* also makes full use of Rendell's own trademark chill, a slide-under-the-microscope dispassion that permits all sorts of behavior but forgives nothing. No other living mystery writer complains more openly about the burden of fans expecting her to bring back series characters when she has other pursuits in mind. In *A Dark-Adapted Eye* and *Heartstones*, Rendell does what Conan Doyle never could: proves she has something far greater to offer.

—By William A. Henry III

Two Worlds

BEST INTENTIONS: THE EDUCATION AND KILLING OF EDMUND PERRY
by Robert Sam Anson
Random House, 221 pages; \$17.95

In every way but one, it was the sort of spasm of urban violence that gets a glancing, one-shot story in the local papers. On a steamy June night in 1985, on the Upper West Side of Manhattan, a white plainclothes policeman shot and



Robert Sam Anson, left; Edmund Perry

killed a young black man named Edmund Perry. The cop said Perry and another man had assaulted and attempted to rob him. But Eddie Perry was no down-and-out hood. Only days before, he had graduated from Phillips Exeter Academy, one of the nation's most exclusive prep schools. He would have entered Stanford in the fall had not a bullet intervened.

Perry's death proved a disquieting question mark. Was it, as many loudly asserted, another example of institutional racism, of police brutality, of the dream denied? News stories about Perry quoted

friends, teachers and relatives who claimed that Eddie was too good, too fine, to have been involved in a common street crime. Among the many people perplexed by the case was free-lance Journalist Robert Sam Anson, who had once covered the civil rights movement and whose son was a student at Exeter. On assignment from *LIFF*, Anson set out to discover how a young man like Perry, who seemed launched on a trajectory of success, could come to such a mean, abbreviated end.

That investigation eventually resulted in *Best Intentions*, which is less a book about Edmund Perry than a record of the author's own voyage of discovery, his piecing together of the puzzle of Perry's life and death. Anson talked with dozens of people who knew Perry and gradually learned that Eddie was not the blithe, well-adjusted young man that he had been depicted as being. In fact, he was a tortured, troubled teenager who could not reconcile his narrow past with his privileged present. Poised between two worlds, he felt at home in neither.

At Exeter, Perry studied hard but adopted a street-savvy swagger to mask his own insecurities. He was obsessed with race and brandished his blackness as both emblem and armor: he declared that he had a mission to help his people and bitterly attacked the school for racism often more imagined than real. But beneath his angry rhetoric lurked a secret, which Anson stumbles on almost by accident: Eddie was dealing drugs.

During the course of his search, Anson learns that Exeter was not quite the paragon of race-blind meritocracy it claimed to be. The often searing voices of Eddie's friends reveal the difficulties of leaving the gritty sidewalks of Harlem for the green quadrangles of Exeter. One black woman asserts that blacks were at Exeter as a kind of minstrel show to give sheltered white students a sense of diversity: "By God, their kids are going to be well-rounded. They're going to have Rossignol skis and Lange boots and a black roommate for 'an experience.'"

All the explanations from Eddie's friends and family still leave him enigmatic, undefined. Perhaps it is impossible to know a young man who did not know himself. And Anson's authorial presence sometimes pushes his subject further into the background, making the mechanics of his reporting seem more significant than the shape of his subject.

But *Best Intentions* provokes resonant questions. Is it right or possible to transplant an individual from one background into another? Are the efforts of schools like Exeter a patronizing way of superimposing bourgeois white values on inner-city blacks? Anson can hardly be faulted for not providing answers; they are all but absent in a nation still sadly rent by racial inequity. The loss of Edmund Perry, as portrayed in this often poignant book, makes the problem seem more intractable than ever.

—By Richard Stengel

When You Go From Cutting Figure Eights To Cutting Deals.



When they were cutting figures in U.S. Pairs Competition, they drew raves for their style. Now that JoJo Starbuck and Ken Shelley have paired up in business, nothing's changed. Their new production company, 'The Skate Source,' has gained accolades from L.A. to D.C. by providing everything from ice-skating showgirls to entire ice-skating shows.

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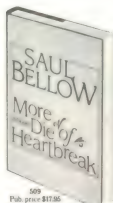
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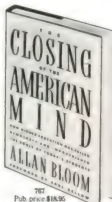
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People

The Duke and Duchess of York called via satellite radio link from their canoeing trip in the Canadian wilderness. The rest of the royal family trooped in to raise a glass of champagne. But it was ordinary Britons who made the biggest fuss as England's **Elizabeth, the Queen Mother**, celebrated her 87th birthday last week. Wearing her trademark flowing chifon dress, hat and pearls, the Queen Mum made an appearance before several thousand waiting fans outside Clarence House, her official residence in London. For the seventh year in a row, an ardent admirer from south London named Eric Marlow presented the birthday girl with a cake inscribed TO THE BEST MUM IN THE WORLD. Exclaimed the Queen Mum: "Again! So kind of you." That evening she made an unannounced visit to the hit musical *The Phantom of the Opera*, after which an impromptu choir of Fleet Street photographers lowered their cameras long enough to give a rousing chorus of *Happy Birthday*.



England's favorite mum: official birthday portrait of Elizabeth, the Queen Mother

"Over the years I have chronicled more than a few outrages by those on our various public payrolls, and they have ranged from the ridiculous to the hilarious to the stupid," **David Brinkley** told his estimated 4.5 million viewers last

week on *This Week with David Brinkley*. "This one is all three. And it happened to me." The acerbic newsman then went on to recount his run-in with the District of Columbia, which threatened to charge him \$2,137.32 in penalties and in-

terest if he did not immediately pay his back taxes from 1985. The total owed: 10¢. "A \$2,000 fine for claimed back taxes of 10¢?" Brinkley asked at the end of his TV broadcast. "That's the law. And that concludes today's lesson in democracy in action." Brinkley, who has received a "ton of mail" from sympathetic viewers and D.C. residents claiming to have had virtually identical tax problems, contends that his bill was a mistake. District officials, for their part, attribute it all to an accounting mix-up. Brinkley paid the dime anyway, he says, to "avoid the hassle of arguing with them."

It was a coronation fit for **Don King**. Earlier in the evening **Mike Tyson** had won a unanimous decision over **Tony Tucker**, thereby making Tyson the first fighter in a decade to be simultaneously recognized as the World Heavyweight Boxing champion by all three of the sport's ruling bodies: the World Boxing Association, the World Boxing Council and the International Boxing Federa-



Sultry Siren Baker

Tours de Force

A smash album can get a career rolling, but for the authentic visceral impact of rock music, nothing can match a live performance. And fans who crave the amplified excitement of seeing their favorite band in person are finding 1987 to be a chart-busting year. Among the performers who have already launched or are planning major tours in the U.S., Europe or both: **Madonna**, **Genesis**, **Run-D.M.C.**, the **Beastie Boys**, **Los Lobos**, **Suzanne Vega**, **Billy Idol**, **Roger Waters**, **Tom Petty**, **Whitney Houston**, **Prince**, **Peter Gabriel** and the ever elusive **Michael Jackson**, who hasn't performed live in three years. Veteran Promoter **Bill Graham**, who staged a July 4 concert in Moscow featuring **Santana**, **James Taylor** and **Bonnie Raitt**, attributes the current boom in big-bucks tours to a number of factors, including a new generation of fans, a jump in the number of venues vying for name acts, and a growing European audience. "The young people who started with rock 'n' roll in the 1960s have children of their own who are attending the concerts now," ob-

serves Graham. "It used to be a thousand-dollar business, then a million; now it's a billion-dollar business. This happens to be the summer."

Nobody has hit the road harder than **Bon Jovi**, which has played to 2 million fans in the U.S. since last December and will go on to London this month and to Tokyo and Australia in the fall. Riding high on the popularity of their album *Slippery When Wet* (10 million sold so far), the heavy-metal heartthrobs use light shows and fireworks to produce what Lead Singer **Jon Bon Jovi** calls essentially a "Broadway show." Even more ambitious is **David Bowie's** Glass Spider tour, which features **Peter Frampton** on guitar. The centerpiece of this 2½-hr. rock extravaganza is a \$10 million, 53-ft. by 64-ft. set designed to resemble a huge arachnid. Each show opens with Bowie descending to the stage from a suspended chair as the spider's legs light up and dancers written below. "What had been bubbling in me over the last few years was to do something theatri-



Hot flashes: Bon Jovi stoking his fans

tion. So to mark the occasion, Promoter King decided to mount a "throneization" at the Las Vegas Hilton. With Actor **Dennis Hopper**, Comic **Eddie Murphy** and former King of Boxing **Muhammad Ali** in attendance, King presented Tyson with a blue chinchilla robe, a jeweled necklace and a scepter. After King shouted, "Long live the heavyweight king! Long live the king!", six trumpeters dressed in Elizabethan tunics blared a fanfare, and Ali placed a crown, studded with what King described as "baubles, rubies and fabulous doodads," on Tyson's head. Muttered the clearly embarrassed sovereign: "Does this mean I'm going to get bigger purses?" A more urgent question for Tyson: When he faces his first challen-

ger, **Tyrell Biggs**, on Oct. 16 in Atlantic City, who will crown whom?

Say kids, what time is it? It's Howdy Doody Time! That's right—the show that went off the air in 1960 after 13 years and 2,343 episodes is back. Well, sort of. Howdy will be celebrating *Howdy Doody's* 40th anniversary this fall in a nationally syndicated TV special. **Roger Mire**, who produced both the special and the original series on NBC, describes the new *Howdy* as a "cross between Hollywood and Doodyville." The show will feature **Milton Berle**, **Gary Coleman** and **Monty Hall**, as well as old pals like **Robert** ("Buffalo Bob") **Smith**, 69. In recent years Smith has made a second ca-

reer of appearances at colleges and shopping malls, playing to audiences who grew up on *Howdy Doody*. Comparing them with the peanut gallery assembled for the special, he says, "We get the exact same reaction from kids today that we did 35 years ago on the same routines. It works every time." Kowabunga!

How does anyone catch a seraph? For Director **Tom McLoughlin**, the answer was to audition 6,000 "drop-dead gorgeous" women for his new movie, *Date with an Angel*, and then, after deciding that none of them were exactly right, to stumble across his vision of heavenly perfection emblazoned on a Paris movie poster. At first French Film Star **Emmanuelle Béart**, 21, who has won a César award for her work in France, refused McLoughlin's offer of a starring role in his movie, slated to appear in late fall. Her reason: she mistakenly thought he was filming an outer-space movie. But the persistent McLoughlin met the French actress in a Montreal coffee shop, where he proceeded to act out the film's ethereal story of an angel who breaks her wing and is nursed back to health by a betrothed bachelor, played by **Michael Knight**. "It took two hours," recalls McLoughlin, "but in the end she said yes." For Béart, who



Béart: elusive angel

ascended to European stardom with last year's *Manon des Sources*, playing a heavenly body poses unique challenges. Says she: "Since the angel does not speak in the usual sense, I will have to use my body, my face, my eyes, to convey what the angel is feeling." The actress has come to regard the role she once rejected as a blessing. "I believe in angels," says Béart. "And there must be one looking out for me." Amen, *petite chérie*.

—By Gary D. Garcia
Reported by D. Blake Hallinan/New York



Doodyville redux: Buffalo Bob and Howdy taping anniversary show

cal again." Bowie explains. "The need to push and be adventurous has come back to the stage."

Some performers are finding their groove in a lower-key approach. Accompanied only by her twelve-member band and four backup singers, **Anita Baker** is dazzling audiences with sultry blues and jazzy pop numbers like her Top 40 hit *Sweet Love*. **Bob Dylan** and the *Grateful Dead*, touring together for the first time, are packing stadiums and arenas with shows that are testaments to '60s-style understatement. Avoiding rock-star antics, Dylan and the Dead—**Jerry Garcia**, **Bob Weir**, **Phil Lesh**, **Mickey Hart**, **Bill Kreutzmann** and **Brent Mydland**—hardly speak between songs and occasionally turn their backs on audiences while playing such Dylan classics as *Stuck Inside of Mobile with the Memphis Blues Again*, *All Along the Watchtower* and *Highway 61 Revisited*.

One thing rockers never turn their backs on, of course, is applause. "Traveling is not my favorite thing," says Gui-

tarist **Frampton**, who has been touring since age eleven. "I do it for the feedback." **Tina Turner**, who just finished a series of European concerts, starts an 80-city North American tour in Portland, Me., this week. After that she will unpack her suitcase for a while, a prospect that gives her mixed feelings. "I've been touring for 25 years without a break," she says, but adds, "I'll miss the contact." For **Crosby**, **Stills** and **Nash**, getting back on the road has been downright rejuvenating. Inspired by **David Crosby's** drug rehabilitation and release from prison, the onetime super trio of folk-rock is playing with more verve than it has in years. "Everything seems fresher this summer," reports **Stephen Stills**. Says Crosby: "Our music has kept us together, and as far as our feelings go, this is our best tour ever." And, one certainly hopes, not their last.

—By Gary D. Garcia
Reported by David E. Thigpen/New York, with other bureaus



Bowie pushing the limits

Cool moves: Dylan with the Dead

Environment



A matter of deprogramming: former Flipper Trainer O'Barry with charges in the pen

Joe and Rosie Go for It

A pair of captive dolphins are retrained for a new life at sea

In mid-July on a tidal creek among Georgia's coastal islands, six people ceremoniously untied the gates of an underwater pen that for the previous 28 days had contained two very civilized bottle-nosed dolphins. The finny pair disappeared from view. Moments later they surfaced upstream, defying predictions that they would not voluntarily leave behind the comforts of captivity. Overcome, one observer broke into tears. Wild dolphins might roam 50 miles daily, but this pair had spent seven of their eight years in cramped enclosures.

The release of the dolphins was the work of the Oceanic Research Communication Alliance, a ragtag team of dolphin lovers and scientists. Most previous attempts to release captive dolphins have been ad hoc or ill conceived. In 1977, for example, animal liberationists "freed" two dolphins from a tank in Hawaii. Hours later one of them was briefly spotted foundering on a reef, badly lacerated. Even so, scientists and conservationists are increasingly interested in readapting captive or injured sea animals to the wilds. Last month the New England Aquarium, with support from the National Oceanic and Atmospheric Administration, organized a successful attempt to return to the ocean three pilot whales that had washed up on a Cape Cod beach. The \$150,000 ORCA effort was the first attempt to develop an

entire program for retraining captive dolphins for life at sea. "Projects like this are extremely important," says Whale Expert Roger Payne. "They open up new ways for dealing with captive animals."

The two dolphins were captured in 1979, after New York Investor Alan Slifka agreed to help finance a dubious dolphin-human communication experiment. It was a bust. The young dolphins, named Joe and Rosie after the late movie magnate Joseph E. Levine, who produced *Day of the Dolphin* (1973), and his wife Rosalie, attracted the attention of a parade of celebrities, including Phyllis

Diller, Kris Kristofferson and Olivia Newton-John. Some notables even swam with the pair at Marine World/Africa USA in Redwood City, Calif.

Things began to sour for Joe and Rosie in 1984, when they were shipped to Key Largo, Fla. Rosie gave birth but did not nurse her calf, which soon died. Then, in May 1985, Slifka visited Joe and Rosie. Moved by their confinement, he vowed, "I'm going to get you out of this mess." Shortly thereafter, ORCA was formed.

By the fall of 1986, ORCA had a team, a release site and a detailed plan. Heading the group were two Californians, Virginia Coyle and James Hickman. Abigail Alling, a whale biologist, located remote tidal creeks in Georgia that abound with wild dolphins. Richard O'Barry, the former trainer for the *Flipper* television series, was hired to "untrain" the dolphins.

ORCA developed its plan for the release in consultation with the federal Marine Mammal Commission. Last fall the project got under way. Alling taped underwater sounds at the Georgia site to familiarize the dolphins with their new habitat. To deprogram them, O'Barry simply reversed normal training procedures. Instead of rewarding the dolphins when they performed, he would turn his back. To ease their transition to catching moving fish for food, the team clipped the tails off mullet to slow them down.

The project gained urgency this spring, when Rosie became pregnant again. The ORCA team decided that she would be better off giving birth in the wild. In June an Army helicopter delivered the two dolphins to the release site, where a pen had been built that allowed

the tidal currents and small fish to pass through freely and also helped the dolphins adjust to their wild surroundings. Softened by years of confinement, Joe and Rosie literally got their aerobic conditioning swimming in place against the strong tides.

Once they left the pen, the question was whether the pair, identifiable by brands on their dorsal fins, could survive. Within ten days Rosie had been spotted with one pod of wild dolphins. Joe had been seen cavorting with another. Then they disappeared. ORCA hopes to track the dolphins through the end of September. Meanwhile, the vigil for Joe and Rosie has begun. "All present indications," says Payne of the dolphins' release, "are that it's working." Still, spotting Rosie once more, says Coyle, "would be bliss."

—By Eugene Linden

Danger Just Downstairs

An invisible, odorless, radioactive gas produced by the decay of uranium in rock and soil, radon can seep into homes through cracks in foundations and drains. Some houses in the Northeast have been found with dangerously high radon levels. Last week the Environmental Protection Agency announced that the health threat posed by radon may be greater than previously thought.

Surveying 11,600 houses in ten states from Wyoming to Alabama, EPA investigators found that 21% had radon levels exceeding EPA health standards. The American



Testing a home for radon

Medical Association promptly declared radon a "risk of substantial magnitude" but described as "somewhat uncertain" federal estimates that attribute 10% of lung-cancer deaths to the gas.

Science

Ungainly profile of naval power: bristling with 170 oars manned by a mostly British crew, the warship plies calm waters near the island of Póros

The Glory That Was Greece

Sea trials begin for a replica of ancient Athens' fabled trireme

Ancient Greece seemed to come back to life as the ungainly wooden ship glided across the harbor. Her prow bore a threatening ram, her stern a boastful curve and her sides bristled with 170 oars. The launching two weeks ago of the trireme,* a replica of the fabled warship that helped the Athenian navy dominate the Mediterranean during the 5th and 4th centuries B.C., was the culmination of a five-year project. As the ship's oars plunged into the wine-dark waters off the island of Póros, John Morrison, the retired Cambridge classics don who helped lead the effort, sat on deck and exulted. "Can you feel the push?"

For centuries, the precise design of the trireme has posed a baffling mystery. Underwater archaeologists have found the wracks of ancient, sail-driven merchantmen but no remains of the oar-studded warships. Vase paintings, coins, classical writings, excavations at ancient ship sheds and inscribed-stone inventories of the Piraeus dockyards have contributed some ideas. Scholars know that trireme hulls were light, long and slender, displacing some 22 tons, measuring about 123 ft. in length and 19 ft. at the beam, with a draft of slightly more than 4 ft.

The most vexing question was the arrangement of the oars: Were there three men to an oar? Three oars to a single port? Or three tiers of oarsmen, each with a single oar? Five years ago, guests at a dinner party in Britain spent much of the evening arguing over the issue. Host

Frank Welsh, a writer, decided that the only way to settle the debate was to build a trireme. So he called upon Morrison, an expert on ancient Greek ships and a long-time supporter of the three-tier theory. Morrison brought in John Coates, retired chief naval architect to the British Ministry of Defense.

The three staged a symposium on triremes that attracted scholars from Greece and eventually led to the construction of a small section of the warship, which was successfully tested on the Thames. Intrigued by the undertaking, Greek officials offered to build an entire trireme. The actual building process, which took two years and about \$700,000, hewed closely to original techniques, using Oregon pine (Mediterranean pines no longer grow tall and straight enough), 22,000 oak dowels and 17,000 handmade nails. A major deviation: the builders substituted steel

rope for the *hypozomata*, the two lengths of twisted flax rope that ran from stern to stern to help hold the trireme together. Says Coates of the ancient mariners: "Oh, they were very, very good indeed. The design was driven to the limit. It was built for speed."

Ancient triremes reportedly cruised up to 18 hours at a steady 7 to 8 knots. Using scale models, British and Greek scientists calculate that fully outfitted boats could have attained a top speed of al-

most 10 knots. "Of course," says Lieut. Commander Spyros Platis, the Greek navy's supervisor on the project, "this would be at the peak of the oarsmen's output, which couldn't last for more than a minute."

To achieve that speed, the trireme's rowers would have to maintain a pace of at least 40 strokes a minute. Many of the 130 men and 40 women in the crew, mostly youthful British volunteers, are skilled racing oarsmen. Even so, handling the as yet unnamed trireme, which will be commissioned later this month, proved to be daunting. The seats do not move, as in modern shells, and the space between them is so small that oarsmen cannot move their bodies. The two bottom tiers of oarsmen must row blind. Guidance comes from the top level of rowers, who can see when the oars—which are only 12 inches apart—are overlapping. Those on the lowest tier suffer the most: beams lie behind their heads, and the weight of the oar can force the handle up under their chins, resulting in nasty bumps.

Worse, commands yelled from the

stern carry poorly through the ship. The ancient who gave orders, notes Morrison, "must have had a very loud voice and throat pastilles." Still, the bruised and weary crew seemed to be catching on. After a week of trials, it achieved a rhythmic 28 to 30 strokes a minute and a top speed of 21.7 knots in the stripped-down vessel. Everyone cheered. "See," crowed Morrison, "it works!"

—By Anastasia Tofexis.
Reported by Helen Gibson/
London and Mirka Gordicas/
Póros



Rowing in cramped quarters

*Though the Greek word for this type of ship is *trieres*, it is more commonly known as a trireme, derived from the Latin *triremis*, meaning having three banks of oars.

Living

Couture Goes Daring And Wacky

For the fall, high hemlines and theatrical formulas

The fall collections just unveiled by Paris couturiers leave no doubt: something is up on the fashion runway, and it is more than hemlines. After several drowsy years, couture is in again by being far-out again. The new high-fashion collections have exploded in a colorful array of stylized, theatrical creations, and in the process have stolen back much of the action from the swaggering ready-to-wear industry. The relentlessly ballyhooed miniskirts, to be sure, are riding high—very high. But in addition, the couture lines offer daring, bewitching and wacky costumes that pay homage to, among other things, 17th and 18th century court pageantry, French regional dress and even the movies.

Consider the following items, all displayed in the Paris couture shows: Louis XIV theater-curtain trimmings decorating a hooped mini; velvet bustles and derriere butterfly bows; tutus; white taffeta capes; page boy, cowgirl and matador outfits; satin tunics; bubble coats; cancan skirts up at the front and down at the back; and, even more of a burlesque, satin minis designed to reveal black garters.

Of course, not all haute couturiers appear to have robbed Hollywood's Western Costume Co. Pierre Cardin, at 65 the grandfather of the mini, has taken a resolutely contemporary approach. "I don't do things that are retrospective or cinematic or musical or costume," says Cardin. "I like things modern." Despite his protestations, however, Cardin's collection includes a four-alarm micromini, a thigh-high black stretch number worn with elbow-length gloves that are longer than the hemline of the dress. It prompted the French press to bill him as "Mad Max of the Hemlines."

The designer regarded as couture's new superstar, Christian Lacroix, maintains that the "dream is the No. 1 fashion formula." Last February Lacroix, 36, abruptly quit as chief designer for the house of Jean Patou, and this summer he introduced his first private collection. And what a collection it is. Inspired by his native city of Arles in Provence and by his university studies in art history, it features such figures as a traditional Arlésienne in



Cardin's crepe mini sideswiped with silk organza flowers perks up a Paris afternoon

crisscrossed lace shawls and striped silk skirt and a French cowgirl to round up the horses for which the region is famous. "I'm a nostalgic, naturally turned toward my roots," explains Lacroix. "A first collection establishes one's identity. It's like a first novel, almost always autobiographical."

Marc Bohan, of the house of Dior, predicts that Lacroix, who also designs costumes for dance productions, may eventually tone down his stagy charades. "Lacroix is young and needs to make himself noticed," says Bohan. "With the input from the press and his clients, he will, naturally, evolve." Bohan's own collection is cropped short, but is still tradi-

tional. He counts Princess Caroline of Monaco and Nancy Reagan among his clients, and predictably encourages his customers to drop the hemlines of his miniskirts when they come for fittings. Says he: "I can't see Caroline having to struggle out of a car at an official function."

Most other designers, though, have caught the flamboyant spirit. Karl Lagerfeld has blasphemously rearranged the classic Chanel suit into a gold-trimmed body brace befitting Cleopatra. Ungaro has created a 17th century dandy look with intricate musketeer detailing that would delight Alexandre Dumas. Jean-Louis Scherrer glorified old Vienna with ruffly gowns and loden capes, all twirling



Satin sheath with tulle pouf by Scherrer

to Viennese waltzes. Meanwhile, Patrick Kelly, a renegade known for his spicy ready-to-wear, spoofed the couture crowd with a giddy, gaudy pirate show. His veiled tangerine bodysuit might well besit a rock-'n'-roll bride.

As a result of such exuberance, as well as the allure of the miniskirt, haute couture is attracting a more youthful, glamor-

ous clientele. Says Eric Mortensen, designer of the house of Balmain: "The girl of 18 who comes in with Granny—and Granny's money—wants a little black sheath, not a pink taffeta number any more." Paloma Picasso and Madonna are among Lacroix's celebrity clients. "We are in a period where young, extravagant women want exceptional clothes," says Lacroix. "They don't want discreet elegance." Still, given the absurd prices of couture fashions (an evening gown can run \$33,500, about the cost of a new BMW), only crowned heads, Arab princesses, rock stars and the discreetly rich tend to be repeat customers.

As if the startling apparel of the recent shows were not enough, there were also entertaining fireworks when Yves Saint Laurent banned *Women's Wear Daily*, the rag trade's bible, from viewing his collection. Tempers flared when *WWD* Chairman John Fairchild, an ardent supporter of Saint Laurent for 20 years, put Lacroix on the cover on the eve of the couture shows, an honor customarily reserved for Saint Laurent. The implication was that Lacroix was being dubbed crown prince to a fading king. "Saint Laurent wants us to rave about every collection," says Fairchild. "If we made a mistake in all those years it was probably that we gave him too much attention." In the end *WWD* did cover the show and carried an inside piece, damning in its faint praise: "Saint Laurent . . . now stands alone with his vintage elegance."

For the present, the spotlight is fixed on the innovative Lacroix, who admits that the first trend he would like to set is an antitrend. "I would like to start bringing down hemlines right away," he says.



Romantic silk taffeta ballgown by Lacroix

"For couture, we should be constantly changing." Lacroix will launch two ready-to-wear lines in the next year. Accordingly, he tempers his zeal with commercial caution: "We must listen to what the street is saying. And now, the message from the street is 'Stay short.'" Some streets, anyway.

—By Martha Smilgis.

Reported by Regan Charles and Tala Skari/Paris



In by being far-out: Kelly's bodysuit; Lagerfeld's updated Chanel; blue-fox-trimmed jacket by Saint Laurent; Balmain's bubble with bow garter

Essay

The Game Is Still Afoot

The truth is more unlikely than the tales. To beguile his off-hours, a young British physician invents a new kind of detective, a "thinking machine" who reconstructs a crime from minutiae much as a paleontologist builds a dinosaur from fossilized toes. The sleuth is accompanied by a general practitioner who respectfully annotates each case. Almost overnight the pair rise from obscurity to international renown. In an attempt to get on with "serious" works about history and spiritualism, the author decides to murder his invention by dropping him from a precipice. But the detective refuses to die. By public demand he is resurrected in new stories; in the end, he and his companion totally eclipse their creator. Sherlock Holmes and John H. Watson, M.D., pass directly from popularity to immortality.

At a time when fame has the durability of a rock song and when real crime catches the eye and the heart, these eminent Victorians should be as obsolete as the hansom cab. Instead, they keep rising in stature and value. In this, the centenary year of their debut in *Beeton's Christmas Annual* of 1887, Holmes and Watson will receive some 5,000 letters at 221B Baker Street, even though the place now houses the Abbey National Building Society. Groups on four continents regularly meet to study the canon (56 stories and four novels), as well as some 12,000 books about the sacred writings. The familiar lean figure with Inverness cape, deer-stalker and underslung pipe regularly appears in the headlines. Speculating two weeks ago on who laid the mines plaguing U.S. convoys in the Persian Gulf, David Mellor, a British Foreign Office official mused, "Sherlock Holmes wouldn't take too long to resolve that one."

The world's first consulting detective remains a welcome figure in countless cartoons, advertisements and late-show reruns. He can currently be seen in a fresh, over-the-top interpretation by Jeremy Brett in a new PBS series. The well-stuffed Watson, for all the adventures, scarcely looks a day over 45. Not bad for a chap of 100-plus.

What keeps the two so fit? Certainly not romance. The doctor has an eye for the well-turned ankle ("Now, Watson, the fair sex is your department") but marries respectably. The lifelong bachelor Holmes has neither chick nor child. "Women are never to be entirely trusted," he believes, "not the best of them."

Steadiness may be a characteristic but not consistency: Watson's war wound, sustained in Afghanistan, wanders from shoulder to leg, depending on the plot. Holmes has a "catlike love of personal cleanliness," yet he keeps his "tobacco in the toe end of a Persian slipper," and unanswered letters "transfixed by a jerk-knife into the very center of his wooden mantelpiece."

In fact, the enduring affection of the public for Holmes and Watson appears to be quite a conundrum. But, as the master says in *The Red-Headed League*, "as a rule, the more bizarre a thing is the less mysterious it proves to be." Let us examine the evidence. We may eliminate any lobbying by Sir Arthur Conan Doyle to win public esteem for his creations. He once confided to his mother, "I am in the middle of the last Holmes story, after which the gentleman vanishes, never to return. I am weary of his name."

We may also set aside any notions of fine writing. Dr. Grimesby Roylott, villain of *The Speckled Band*, has "a large face, seared with a thousand wrinkles, burned yellow with the sun, and marked with every evil passion." Not one or two evil passions, not 20 or 30, but every one.

Nor is credible narrative Doyle's long suit. Consider the tragedy of Isadora Persano, "the well-known journalist and duellist who was found stark mad with a matchbox in front of him which contained a worm said to be unknown to science."

Holmes' ego is as large as metropolitan London: "I cannot agree," he likes to say, "with those who rank modesty among the virtues."

If we eliminate elegant prose, narrative subtlety, believable scenarios and a warm protagonist, what is left? For one thing, there are lines of dialogue that generations have read once and recalled forever: "Mr. Holmes, they were the footprints of a gigantic hound!" Or this sequence: "Is there any point to which you would wish to draw my attention?" "To the curious incident of the dog in the night-time." "The dog did nothing in the night-time." "That was the curious incident."

Then there is the cast of characters: Professor Moriarty, the Napoleon of Crime, the ferrety Inspector Lestrade, the families with ancient rituals so hypnotic that T.S. Eliot stole one whole-sale for *Murder in the Cathedral*. The openings are yet another enticement. Who can resist reading about the governess hired on condition that she cut her long hair and wear a certain blue dress? Or the red-haired man paid to copy out the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in longhand? Or a spectral hound who appears after centuries, demanding the life of an innocent American? Holmes, of course, will find the solutions because he believes, with Architect Mies van der Rohe, that God is in the details. He will understand that RACHE scrawled in blood is a clue not that the killer's name is Rachel but that the word means "revenge" in German. He will be drawn to a case by noticing how deep the

parsley has sunk into the butter. Watson will marvel at his deductions until Holmes shows why they are elementary.

And therein lies the key to longevity. The foe of Victorian malefactors does not rely on force or technology. He needs no Q to equip him with lethal gadgetry, no frantic car chases, no parishes of adoring women. As Holmes insists, his conclusions are simply the result of work and cogitation. Watson could have reached them himself, if only he had looked a little closer and thought a little harder.

Doyle's genius was in creating a person not so different from ourselves—then splitting him in half. One part is a fallible, well-meaning soul who works at a job, wages the battle of instincts vs. ethics and sometimes goes wrong. The other is the person we would aspire to be: morally correct, financially independent and underweight. One feels; the other knows. One is real; the other ideal. Many labels adhere to this classic combination: ego and superego, desire and conscience, Watson and Holmes.

P.G. Wodehouse remarks, "The tragedy of life is that your early heroes lose their glamor . . . with Doyle I don't have this feeling." All Sherlockians would agree. After all, they are looking at their own dreams. That is why the detective and the doctor can never go out of style. And why, in 2087, they will still be as quotable as the day they were born in 1887: "Come, Watson, come! The game is afoot!" And why they will still be the subjects of criticism and appreciation 100 years from now. For Holmes, every reference is a boost. As he wrote in *The Adventure of the Six Napoleons*: "The Press, Watson, is a most valuable institution, if you only know how to use it."

—By Stefan Kanfer



ILLUSTRATION BY JAMES H. HARRIS

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